
William Smith.



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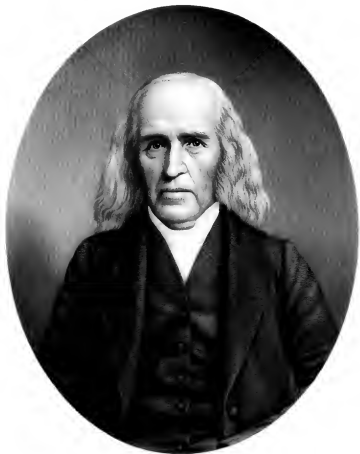
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Smith, Margaret T. ✓

Genealogy and reminiscences
of William Smith and family

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the atom. It is shown that the structure of the atom is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics, and that the structure of the atom is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics.

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William Smith

GENEALOGY AND REMINISCENCES

—OF—

WILLIAM SMITH

—AND FAMILY,—

PREPARED BY MRS. MARGARET T. SMITH.

—
"TIME CONSECRATES."—SCHILLER
—

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.
1884.

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For a copy of AD61-2270

A. J. CROOK,
PRINTER AND BINDER,
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The desire to preserve memorials of our ancestors, springs from the most reverent and tender feelings of our nature. In these pages are records of lives, whose remembrance is perpetual fragrance and blessing!

Some of the immediate descendants of William Smith could "answer back" history and tradition of preceding generations, though few remain to whom their living presence was known.

In the preparation of this work, it has been the aim to collect all available material, and to preserve accuracy of statement and of dates.

In the publication of this work, it is a source of deepest gratification to W. H. H. Smith that family portraits are preserved therein. The portrait of his father was copied from a daguerreotype taken of him in 1849, at the age of four-score years.

M. T. S.

SYRACUSE, May 25th, 1884.



GENEALOGY AND REMINISCENCES.

RICHARD SMITH.

The father of Richard Smith, and grandfather of William Smith, was the earliest ancestor of this Long Island family of Smith, of whom there is positive knowledge. He was of English descent and lived at an early day at Success Pond.

Communicated by the late Silas Smith, Medina, N. Y.

By reference to a history of Long Island, I find that the original township of Smithtown contained 30,000 acres of land; situated near the centre of the Island and lying on the Sound. The greater part of this territory was given by Wyandouch, the Sagamore (or chief) of Montauk, and Grand Sachem of the Island, under date of July 14, 1659, to Lyon Gardiner, as a token of gratitude for his agency in redeeming his daughter from captivity. In 1663 Mr. Gardiner conveyed the territory to Richard Smith, who had come from Rhode Island, and was then living in Brookhaven, an adjoining township. Smith obtained a patent from Gov. Nichol conditioned that ten families should be settled thereon within three years.

The name, Richard, has been a family name, represented so far as I can learn, in all its branches. There is a strong probability that Richard Smith, of Smithtown, was the ancestor of our grandfather, Richard Smith. It is not, however, easy to trace the connection at this remote period.

Communicated by Charles R. Smith, Esq., East Cleveland, Ohio.

The wife of Richard Smith's father had a niece by the name of Bartow, who was the mother of Polly Hicks, and "Polly" owned "Little Neck," Long Island.

Richard Smith married Miss Treadwell, at Great Neck, L. I., for his first wife. She was cousin to Billy Treadwell, and lived near Oyster Bay, near Great Neck, in Queens county.

Richard Smith married for his second wife, Mary Brush, whose father lived at West Hill, Huntington, Suffolk county. Mary Brush was cousin to the aforesaid Polly Hicks, and to Mary Brush Smith and her heirs alone, descended the Little Neck property. Three hundred acres was the property claimed, worth \$100,000.

Communicated by Rev. William Smith, Nov. 1849, at Bedford, Ohio.

Richard Smith had two brothers.

John, settled at Plattsburgh, N. Y., near Lake Champlain, (or in Vermont. C. R. S.)

Abner, lived at Morristown, New Jersey.

Richard was the eldest of the three brothers. He left Long Island about 1780, removing to South East, in Putnam county, and in 1793, to Litchfield, Herkimer county, New York, where he died in 1827, aged 86 years. His son William (my father) came with him. He married for his second wife Mary Brush, daughter of Judge Brush, of Hamstead, L. I. Her brother, Jeremiah, owned a sloop on the East River. Mary Brush Smith was the rightful heir to Little Neck. About 1836, Alderman Van Zandt, of New York city, (father of the deposed Episcopal clergyman) lived upon Little Neck, having purchased from the descendants of the family of Hicks. Van Zandt and Thomas Davis married sisters—Averys, who lived at Tarrytown. Thomas Davis was a clothing merchant at Utica, Sacketts Harbor and New York city. Silas Smith was in his employ, in all, two years, in these places, and there learned the above facts relating to the Little

Neck property, to the whole of which his father's family laid claim. Aaron Burr had papers relating to Little Neck, and William Smith and his son Silas went to Utica or to Herkimer to meet him and to see about recovering this property. Go to Boston through the Sound and you will see Little Neck.

Communicated by Silas Smith.

From Charles R. Smith, Esq., is received the copy of a letter written by his father, Rev. William Smith, to Aaron Burr.

LITCHFIELD, November, 1820.

DEAR SIR:

You will not be surprised to receive a communication from an unknown signature, when you are informed that I am a connection of Lieutenant William Mervine, of the ship Cyan, who informed me that he had spoken to you respecting an estate, lying and being on Long Island, by the name of "Little Neck," now in the possession of a Mr. Van Zandt, and that you wished to receive all the information respecting it which was in our power to give. I expected to have seen you at Utica, as I was informed by a son of mine, who lived in that place, that you attended the Supreme Court, but when I came there you had left the place. As a convenient opportunity now presents, I send this by Mr. Graves, a neighboring merchant.

According to the best information that I am in possession of, the estate above mentioned belonged to Col. Hicks, who left the same to his only son, James Hicks, who at his decease left the same to his half-sister Mary, or Polly Hicks, the wife of Stephen Hicks, whose brother, William Hicks, now lives near the place. William, I understand, has had two law-suits in order to obtain the place, but it seems could not prove title. The presumption is that his brother was never invested with title longer than his life. I am informed that a distant relative of said James, by the name of Richard Penn Hicks, (now de-

ceased), soon after the death of Stephen Hicks, made claim by applying to the Legislature, who permitted him to take possession of the place. Soon after, dying, left the premises vacant. An enterprising man by the name of Thomas Wilkes, by some means took possession and held it for a number of years, then sold to the present owner, Mr. Van Zandt.

You will want to know the genealogy of my family. My mother was own cousin to the above Mary Hicks, as their mothers were sisters. My mother is the only one living of her family. She has some cousins probably alive on Long Island and in other places, but how many is not known.

You requested to know what year the Legislature passed the law permitting Richard Penn Hicks to take possession of the premises, but as we are remote from such information, it is difficult to obtain information concerning it. However, I expect there is a copy of the instrument at West Hills, among the papers of Jeremiah Brush, Esq., (deceased), perhaps in possession of his son, John Brush, now living in West Hills, which was formerly the place of our residence. Said Jeremiah was brother to my mother, who in his life, was about to undertake in this business, but making some inquiries, understood that you had gone to Europe, postponed the business and it passed over to the present time. It is understood by our family that Stephen Hicks obtained his title after the death of his wife by a deed of gift from her during his life. The title which she had, we understand, was by will from her brother, Thomas Hicks, Esq.

The above statements, we have reason to believe, are nearly correct, as my mother was intimate and visited her cousin, was present at her funeral, and heard conversations at that time to the above purport, but leaving Long Island about the time of Stephen's decease, and other business, perhaps of minor importance, this business has been neglected. Whether time in possession of others, has forfeited the title or

claim which we set up, is well known to you undoubtedly. We wish for nothing but our lawful right, and if the case should prove according, I see not why our family are not the lawful heirs. Should the idea be correct, we had concluded you would be the proper person to do our business. Your terms, and what comes within the compass of your knowledge respecting this business, will be thankfully received by the earliest communication, if by the bearer of these lines, who will stay in town a few days. If the prospect should be favorable, and my attention should be necessary, I propose to see you in the course of the winter. * * *

WILLIAM SMITH.

From A. G. Smith, Esq., the following communication has been received:

NEW LISBON, Ohio, Dec. 8, 1883.

In replying to your request made to me some weeks ago for a statement or account of any reminiscences relating to the history of our family, I am sorry to say that in a matter of so great interest, I have but little to contribute. The data that I had gathered many years ago having, unfortunately, been destroyed by the burning of the building in which the manuscript was kept.

The papers referred to contained considerable data relating to our grandmother, Mary Brush Smith, and her ancestors and relations of her time; also some facts and records relating to the Little Neck property on Long Island, belonging in her family, but estranged by some circumstances now unknown; yet the recovery was diligently sought in early times, until the papers were lost, through vicissitudes of fortune, into which the counsel, Col. Aaron Burr, retained in the case, became involved at the period when the matter was sought to be vigorously prosecuted.

At a subsequent period when I made some examinations of the

title deeds, there had been a deed supplemented of which we had no previous account.

What I might say of our family from my own recollection, that is, in regard to the history of the family, you have collected already from other sources. I could relate characteristics of different members of the family, but this I think is not within the scope of your enquiries.

Yours, &c.,

ALBERT G. SMITH.

Acknowledgements are due to Mr. Henry G. Mervine, Syracuse, N. Y., for copies of papers in his possession relating to Little Neck, which were made by A. G. Smith, Esq. They are:

WILL, dated June 19, 1782. Thomas Hicks, of Little Neck township, of Flushing, Long Island, to Mary Hicks, to Stephen Hicks, to Richard Penn Hicks. Recorded in Sur. office, N. Y. City, March 6, 1784. Book No. 36, Record of Wills, Page 235.

DEED, dated April 23, 1795. John Barclay, of Phila., executor of will of Jacob Johnson Hicks, of Penn., to William Rogers, of N. Y. City. Recorded in Clerk's office of Queens county, June 14, 1813, Liber M. of Deeds, page 367. Consideration, £3,200.

DEED, dated Aug. 10, 1795, A. D. William Rogers, merchant of N. Y. City, to William S. Smith conveys all that farm called Little Neck, containing 120 acres, besides marshes, also woodland 40 acres, also salt marshes 25 acres. Consideration, £4,000. Acknowledgement does not state that either witnesses were known to Hughes, Master in Chancery. Recorded Liber M. of Deeds, page 373, in Clerk's Office of Queens Co., June 14, 1813, A. D.

DEED, dated Jan. 11, A. D., 1796. William S. Smith, of N. Y., gentleman, to Thomas Wickes. Acknowledged before James Hughes, Master in Chancery, same day. Recorded Jan. 15, 1813, in Book M. of Deeds, in Clerk's Office of Queens Co., page 379. Conveys by full covenant warranty 120 acres exclusive of marshes; also 40 acres woodland; also 25 acres salt meadows. Consideration, £4,000.

DEED, dated Feb. 27, A. D., 1813. Thomas Wickes, of Flushing, in Queens Co., to Wynant Van Zandt, conveys by full warranty all that farm called Little Neck, above more particularly described. Recorded in Liber M. of Deeds, page 23, Apr. 21, A. D., 1813. Consideration, \$25,000.

January 3, 1884, Charles R. Smith, Esq., writes as follows:

Having examined the records and other data at my command, I send you at this date the result. Many of the dates are not probably strictly accurate, and are qualified by the convenient word "about," the scape-goat usual under such circumstances. I have several deeds relating to purchases of land made by my grandfather and my father, which can be sent to you, if desired.

Richard Smith, my grandfather, was born about 1737, of English ancestors, who settled at an early day, on Long Island. He died at Litchfield, New York, 1827, being about 90 years of age. He was married to Mary Brush about 1762. She was of French Huguenot extraction, and she died at Litchfield in 1832, aged 90 years.

Warmly espousing the cause of the colonies against the exactions of the crown of England, on one or more occasions, Richard Smith volunteered to help drive the British from Long Island. He was a resident of Huntington county during the War of the Revolution, and occupying territory alternately in the possession of the British and Americans, he often found opportunity to afford substantial aid to the American forces. Their house was often visited by the British "red-coats" in search of supplies. Nothing came amiss from a chicken or a pig, to a cavalry horse, which were taken indiscriminately, without so much as "by your leave."

You may have heard how grandfather secreted a deserter from the British army, in the woods, feeding him there until a way was opened so that he could get inside the American lines.

A few years after the close of the war, the family removed to South-East town, Dutchess county, from which place the removal to Litchfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., was made about 1793.

The following letter was received February, 1884:

I assure you I feel deeply interested in your efforts to compile a genealogy of our family and to collect reminiscences of interest. The

great reverence and affection that we all feel toward our worthy ancestors, will make this memorial collection, a cherished keep-sake in each household, to be handed down to future generations.

There are a few events in the history of grandfather and grandmother Smith which might be worthy of notice. Grandfather was not a regular soldier in the army in the War of the Revolution, but was called out, or volunteered, and bore arms in the defense of Long Island. After the British captured the Island, they were in the habit of sending out foraging parties to replenish their commissary supplies and also to replace their cavalry horses. They called at grandfather's to see what they could find. On one occasion a "red-coat" improved the opportunity, to make an exchange for a fine large horse owned by grandfather. With great hilarity and glee, he took the equipage from his old, jaded nag, and placing it on his stolen charger, mounted with a defiant air, but it would not down; the horse belonged to the Federal army and would not serve under the British crown, and commenced such jumping and plunging that, with great indignation towards the horse and his own inability, he was forced to take his own old animal, to the great joy of the household. I think that father remembered seeing the horse saddled by the "red-coat," and the children run. Another incident, wherein the minions of King George were foiled. In order to obtain delicacies not furnished by government rations, foragers visited the hen-roosts of the neighborhood, and the chickens must roost very high that would escape their grasp. Grandmother, knowing their custom of visiting the barn with felonious intent toward her chickens, educated them to go in another direction, by pulling a stone from some obscure part of the foundation of the house, when the cry of alarm was given, they would run for dear life and secrete themselves until the enemy was gone, then come out and enjoy their accustomed freedom.

In addition to the foregoing incidents, I will mention a revolu-

tionary relic in my possession, which was captured from the British. It is a Queen's Arm gun and fell into the hands of Richard Smith at the time that the British were in possession of Long Island. Stamped upon the gun barrel is the following legend:—

VXIIIOVJ 798
REG. VAN. VILATTES.

It is possible that the gun originally belonged to one of Lafayette's volunteer companies. I have been in the habit, on each recurring Independence Day, of giving her a heavy charge and letting her speak for liberty and freedom!

Grandfather was very much beloved. An instance as follows: He had long been acquainted with a man who was a harness maker and who lived at father's from time to time. He was a deserter from the United States army, and it was the duty of any officer to arrest him for desertion. Capt. Mervine said that "John O'Brien must not come in his sight, for it would then be his duty to arrest him." When grandfather was on his death bed, John O'Brien said he "must go and see the owld man." When told what Capt. Mervine had said, he answered, "I *will* see the owld man."

All of which is respectfully submitted.

RICHARD C. SMITH.

EAST CLEVELAND, Ohio.

From Mrs. Anna E. Robbins, Clinton, Iowa, the following communication has been received:

I remember hearing that our ancestors of the Brush family were of French descent and Huguenot religion, and came to this country fleeing from persecution.

I remember of grandfather and grandmother—she was very gentle and sweet; grandfather rather tall. They were Presbyterians and very strict in their church-going. I remember they were a very loving old

couple—that it was said they lived together over fifty years and never had an unkind word between them. On one occasion, there was a good deal of company at the table, grandfather said, “this young woman and I can eat off the same plate,” and they did. I remember hearing Aunt Gird and father talking about revolutionary times, when the British were on Long Island. They drove away all the cattle. Grandfather’s mill or mills were destroyed; he was quite well off before the war. Aunt Gird always carried a scar on her forehead made by a “red-coat.” Grandfather had a very smart dog—Watch was his name. He hated the “red-coats.” One day several came in the house to help themselves to whatever they liked. The dog made a fuss, and an officer struck at him with a sword, hitting Aunt Gird just over the eye. Father said after that, when the soldiers came in sight, the children would run and hide behind a hill back of the house. (Grandfather had a namesake of Watch, at Litchfield, that was a remarkable dog. One day he was chopping quite a distance from the house; he cut his foot, bound it up and got home. He began to think of his axe left behind, and as the snow was falling, thought he must get it. There was no one to go for it, so he said to Watch, “Can’t you get it?” Watch went and brought it home, though his legs were so badly cut that for days he could scarcely walk. He could never be deceived when Sunday came. The family often tried it, but he would trot off to Jerusalem and take his place in grandfather’s pew.)

There were relatives of grandmother’s by the name of Brush on Long Island. During the hardships of the Revolution they turned to carding and spinning wool and knitting socks, for the New York market. They were very pretty, nice girls. An English officer fell in love with one of them, Amy Brush. They were married and he took her home to England. I was very full of romance when I was quite young, and I remember thinking the story sounded like stories we read. Rye and barley were threshed by the women of the family to

make ready for the wedding, and it was stored in the house for safety. When he came to her home and asked her to marry him, she said to him that "she was poor; that if all her relations were dead and she had their money, it would not put a silk gown on her back."

The following letter from Mr. Mervine contains a very beautiful tribute to his great grandfather, Richard Smith:

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Aug. 14, 1883.

I have been unable until now to reply to your letter of the 7th inst. My condition is feeble and will not permit me to write at much length. I infer from your letter that you are collecting material—biographical and genealogical—of such matters as will be of interest to the descendants of the family of "Smith."

My memory having failed in a considerable degree, and having no records of reference, my contribution to your "Rescript," I am sorry to say, will be of but little if any account.

My recollection of my great grandfather is of boyhood remembrance. He delighted to fashion and make sleds, bows and arrows, slings, boats, etc., and everything that would make me happy. He was full of love, and lovable, and attained a spiritual elevation rarely if ever equalled in this life.

I recall the words he used to neighbors and friends the last winter of his life. He told them that it was nearing spring; he was watching for the snow to disappear from the graveyard, pointing to it, on "Uncle Billy's" farm, and then his time would come to leave. And his prediction proved true. Retiring at night in usual health, the next morning found him a corpse. His wife died in the same manner. I reverence their names and memory. Their descendants can be proud of springing from such blood, and refer with pride to their life and character. * * *

I shall always be pleased to answer any inquiry you may make to

the extent of my knowledge. Regards to your husband and sentiments of esteem for yourself.

I am truly yours,

CHAS. H. MERVINE.

In the possession of Mr. Henry G. Mervine, of Syracuse, N. Y., is an ancient volume, which is inscribed in the handwriting of Richard Smith and Mary Smith. The book is entitled "Faith and Practice, represented in Fifty-Four Sermons, on the Principles of the Christian Religion," by I. Watts, D. D., and five other learned Doctors of Divinity. London, 1757.

The quaint inscription upon the fly-leaf is as follows, and was traced nearly a century ago.

"Richard Smith is my name,
English is my nation,
May Heaven be my dwelling-place
And Jesus my salvation."

Upon the cover is found "Mary Smith. Her hand-writing."

LITCHFIELD, November, 1793.

Richard Smith removed to Litchfield, Herkimer county, New York, in 1793. He bought of Peter Van Ness, 492 acres, more or less, of wild land, known as Division No. 45, of the "Oncida Purchase," lying in Herkimer Co., N. Y. Part of it was sold to individuals, by whom it was improved, and his son William Smith, by purchase, became the owner of 140 acres, including "Smith's Lake."

"Old style" descriptions in Deeds are very curious. As instance :— "This Indenture, &c., between Conkling Ketchum, of Huntington, in the County of Suffolk, on *Nassau Island*, State of New York, &c., and William Smith, of Litchfield, County Herkimer, and State aforesaid, &c.; ——— the line ——— degrees, west eight and twenty chains *to a stake*; thence south 54½ degrees east, six chains and eighty-five links, to the south-easterly corner of said lot, *to a Birch tree*; thence along the eastern line of said lot forty-six chains and sixty links, *to a heap of stones in the brook*, thence following the said brook, &c."

Another description reads, "thence north and westerly to the edge of the pond as it originally stood to a corner, thence running north and westerly to the land of Sylvanus King and Stephen Catlin to a stake and stones on the line of said Catlin's line, thence westerly by the water edge to the outlet of said pond, thence north down the stream to the public highway, thence running easterly along the highway to said Catlin's line, thence north *to a corner by a large tree*, &c."

THE CHILDREN OF RICHARD AND MARY BRUSH SMITH.

They were born on Long Island.

1. Ezekiel, settled in Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., dying at an advanced age at Springville, where his descendants still live.
2. James, settled in Chautauqua Co., N. Y., and died at Villenovia, aged 97 years.
3. William.
4. Polly, or Mary, died at Utica, N. Y. in 1864, aged 92 years.

WILLIAM SMITH.

William, son of Richard and Mary Brush Smith, was born at West Farms, Long Island, March 20, 1770. He lived at one time at Huntington, Suffolk county, and he was dry goods merchant's clerk at Jamaica, and in stores in Peck Slip and Quincey Slip, in New York city. In 1793 he went to Litchfield, Herkimer Co., New York, where he remained until June, 1846, when, after over half a century of ownership, he sold his farm, and removed with his wife and four youngest children, to Bedford, Ohio; his sons, Seth, Charles and Richard, with their families, being established upon neighboring farms.

Here he resided the remainder of his days. July 29, 1857, he passed "the portal which we call death." The monument erected at that beautiful "City of the Dead," "Lake View" Cemetery, Cleveland, Ohio, bears the following inscriptions:

Rev. William Smith,

Died July 29, 1857.

Aged 87 years and 4 months.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Catharine, wife of Rev. William Smith,

Died June 10, 1858,

Aged 65 years and 19 days.

The needy found from thee relief,
The stricken balm for every grief.

George T. Smith,

Died October 17, 1853,

Aged 39 years, 3 months and 20 days.

Rest, gentle heart, from trouble free,
No sorrows wait for such as thee.

Of his father, William H. H. says, he observed the "golden rule" in the conduct of his life: he was compassionate toward the distressed, and, "loving God, he lived with contentment and hope, so that at his death his children could say, let me not mourn for my father; let me do worthily of him."

Of the mother, who lies by the side of his father, he says: "With true motherly fostering care and judicious training, she won and retained the love of her 'first boys,' who hold her memory in affection and highest esteem."

WILLIAM SMITH MARRIED THANKFUL SEARS.

William Smith and Thankful Sears were united in marriage Dec. 27, 1793, at South East, Dutchess county. She was born June 30, 1775, being in the 17th year of her age at the time of her marriage. She died July 28, 1808.

"The mother, in her office, holds the key of the soul—
Then crown her queen of the world."

CHILDREN.

Seth Sears, born March 31, 1795. Died October 28, 1801.

ORRIN GAZEBO SMITH.

Orrin G., son of William and Thankful Sears Smith, was born at Litchfield, N. Y., May 6, 1797. He died July 1, 1880.

"Orrin came to Chautauqua with his brother Nathaniel and helped to run the mills erected by them; also worked at the carpenter and joiner trade. Later, he was a preacher of the M. E. Church, traveling on horseback through Southern Chautauqua into Cattaraugus and fording the Alleghany River at Penn. Some time after, he married Mary Crawford, of Arkwright, Chautauqua Co. They had no children. About two years after his marriage he was taken with inflammatory rheumatism and was a great sufferer for years, which left him a cripple for life. In this condition he gave his property to Henry Smith, oldest son of Nathaniel, for his support during the remainder of his life. In 1855 they sold out and moved to Illinois, near Carthage, where they lived three or four years and then returned to Hamlet, Villenovia, where having bought a farm, he lived with Henry till his death, which occurred July 1, 1880."

Communicated by M. C. Jay, Clear Creek, N. Y.

The children of William Smith and Thankful Sears, (deceased,) inherited from their grandfather, Seth Sears, one seventh of his estate, which was held in the possession of their uncle, Seth Sears, and the property being at South-East town, Putnam Co., N. Y.

October 7, 1818, William Smith is found acting in the settlement, with power of attorney from his son, Orrin G. Smith, whose share was one-fifth of one-seventh of the estate.

NATHANIEL SMITH.

Nathaniel, son of William and Thankful Sears Smith, was born at Litchfield, N. Y., July 3, 1799. He died June 11, 1855. His widow is living, and will, May 7, 1884, reach the age of four-score and eight years.

*Nathaniel lived with his parents on the farm until near twenty-one years of age. Then, after studying medicine one year, he went with his brother Orrin to Chautauqua county, where they located one hundred acres of land. Through this land flowed the west branch of the Conowango Creek, on which they at once began to erect a saw-mill, after building a log house to live in. They were among the first pioneers of that section, then a wilderness, without roads, and nothing but marked trees to guide one through the forest from one log cabin to another. Toward the last of 1822 Nathaniel returned to Litchfield, where he married Polly Goodier, on February 20, 1823, and with her immediately returned to his log cabin, where they began to improve the farm and manufacture lumber for the settlers to build with. After a few years Orrin and Nathaniel together built a grist-mill. These mills were the first built in that section, and were a God-send to the first settlers of that region. While Nathaniel was working on one of the mill-stones, a piece flew from it into his eye, spoiling the sight. He worked at the carpenter and joiner trade. He helped to capture and kill a black bear that weighed 400 pounds, about 80 rods from his house. Politically he was a Democrat, was pretty well read in the law, was elected Justice of the Peace somewhere near 1834 and was an acting magistrate for twenty years. He played the flute, fife and drum; was often appointed on committees in relation to town affairs and was a man of influence in his town. He was a member of the M. E. Church. He had four sons and two daughters. Two sons are not living. One daughter, Furrilla, married M. C. Jay.

(Through the courtesy of M. C. Jay, of Clear Creek, N. Y., we are enabled to preserve here the above exceedingly interesting data relating to the brothers, Orrin and Nathaniel Smith. For these contributions most cordial acknowledgements are made.)

SILAS SMITH.

Silas, son of William and Thankful Sears Smith, was born at Litchfield, October 14, 1801. Died at Medina, N. Y., March 22, 1880.

"He was a just man,
One that feared God,
And of good repute."

* * * * *

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Will flourish though they sleep in dust."

Dr. Muhlenberg, at the funeral of a friend, preached this short sermon. He took for his text : "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to have mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ;" to which the preacher added : "So did he," and that was all the sermon. The same might truthfully be said of Mr. Smith.

Silas Smith married Minerva McCracken April 15, 1825. She died December 10, 1830. One child.

Frances E., born January 1, 1828, at Clarkson, Monroe county, N. Y. Married, *first*, William Sexton, at Rochester, N. Y., who shortly died. Married *second*, Seymour Sexton, and their home is at Gloversville. Mr. Sexton's native place was Palmyra, N. Y., where he was born November 20, 1820. Their children are :

William Smith, born January 6, 1851. Married. Died December, 1883.

Carrie Beers, born May 3, 1855. Died April 9, 1873.

"She's gone in her beauty,
Absolved from earth's duty,
Unstained as a harmless white dove ;
In hearts that are grieving
She'll never be leaving
Her meekful and maidenly place.
Though gone through death's portals
Among the immortals—
Her memory lovingly lingers ;
Their child is but sleeping,
Not dead, 'neath the daisy-starred sod ;
The white angels missed her,
So Israel kissed her,
And claimed her as favored of God."

Frank Seymour, born May 31, 1860.

SILAS SMITH MARRIED MARY ANN BRISTOL.

Silas Smith was united in marriage to Mary Ann Bristol, September 15, 1831. She was born at Cato, Ontario county, N. Y., May 18, 1808. Their children are:

1. CHARLES BRISTOL SMITH.

Born January 8, 1833. Married Adelaide Hickox, at Solon, Ohio, 1855.

2. WILLIAM McKNIGHT SMITH.

Born March 1, 1836. Married September, 1863, Alice Frary, at Medina, N. Y. Six children.

3. GEORGE ALBERT SMITH.

Born June 17, 1844, at Rochester, N. Y. Married February 17, 1870, Hattie S. Lewis, of Cleveland, Ohio. She was born at Burlington, Iowa, September 6, 1851. Their children are:

George Lewis, born November 4, 1871, at Cleveland, Ohio.		
Carrie Sexton, born July 25, 1874, at	"	"
Jennie Irene, born June 17, 1876, at	"	"
Fannie Hattie, born June 20, 1880, at	"	"



AMANDA MARIA SMITH.

Amanda M., daughter of William and Thankful Sears Smith, was born January 12, 1804, at Litchfield, N. Y. She was the only daughter among the five children left motherless, when her father became a widower the first time. Upon the death of her father's second wife, five of the six motherless children left by her, continued to receive Amanda's sisterly care, till the time of her own marriage, which took place, not long before her father married his third wife.

April 22, 1823, Amanda M. Smith was married to Norman Spencer. She died April, 1876. Mr. Spencer was born September, 14, 1800. He died October 5, 1872, at Fowlersville, Michigan. Their children were:

Ery M., born December 3, 1823.

Henry N., born May 16, 1826.

Thankful C., born August 7, 1829.

Julia M., born January 11, 1832.

William C., born December 5, 1834.

Sarah Ann, born September 22, 1837.

Jane M., born April 8, 1840.

Charles E., born September 5, 1842.

James P., born November 18, 1844.



SETH SEARS SMITH.

Seth Sears, son of William and Thankful Sears Smith, was born April 10, 1806, at Litchfield, N. Y. September, 1826, he was united in marriage with Lydia Ann Morgan. July 5th, 1884, he passed to the "great majority."

He was an upright man, of grave and modest demeanor.

"Age sate with decent grace, upon his visage,
And worthy became his silver locks;
He wore the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience."

Their children:

1. Amanda M., born July 12, 1827. Married to Edson Irving Wilcox, January 3, 1848. Four children: three living.

Irving A., born February 27, 1849. Married.

Frances A., born May 6, 1857. Married. One child.

Esther L., born February 17, 1862.

2. Amelia Clarissa, born October 21, 1829. Married, November 10, 1850, to Alfred Stevens, at Bedford, Ohio. Mr. Stevens is of the eleventh generation, descending from John Rogers, the martyr.

Their children:

Flora Amanda, born May, 1852; died January 14, 1862.

Alice Augusta, born January 6, 1854; died Nov. 14, 1861.

William Alfred, born January 30, 1856. Married Emma C. Sliffe, November 25, 1879. One child, Alice Amelia, born July 20, 1881.

Emma Amelia, born September 6, 1859, died November 28, 1861.

Albert Morgan, born December 9, 1863.

Charles Seth, born August 7, 1867.

3. Albert M., born November 29, 1831. Married, July 3, 1853, Minerva Hanaford. She died October 1880. She was descended, in the eleventh generation, from John Rogers, who "was burned at the stake." Two children, Frank H. and Katie; not living.

Albert M. married, *second*, December, 1881, Minnie Hanaford, who was descended from John Rogers, the martyr, twelfth generation. One child.

4. William M., born September 27, 1836. Married May 13, 1862, to Josephine L. Parkinson.

Their children:

Carl, born January 16, 1865. Died October 22, 1870.

Herbert W., born December 14, 1867.

SETH SEARS SMITH MARRIED MARY RICHARDS.

Seth Sears Smith married Mary Richards, September 14, 1848. She died, May 6, 1853.

Their children were:

Fannie V., born July 17th, 1849, at Bedford, Ohio.

Addie, born November, 1852; died October, 1853.



WILLIAM SMITH MARRIED RHODA ROCKWELL.

William Smith was united in marriage with Rhoda Rockwell, October 28, 1809, "by James Kelsey, Preacher of the Gospel," at the home of her sister, Mrs. Higby, at New Hartford, New York. She was in the 22nd year of her age at the time of her marriage. She died May 25, 1822.

Their children:

CHARLES ROCKWELL SMITH.

Son of William and Rhoda Rockwell Smith, was born at Litchfield, New York, November 12, 1811. Manifesting, in boyhood, marked tastes for books and study, he attended the common school of the district, and also, Bridgewater Academy. He was the favorite of school teachers, and the "pattern boy" of the school. Scholarly tastes have been distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Smith, through a life filled with activities and usefulness.

Through the suggestion of a mutual friend of the family, and of Mr. A. G. Danby, Post Master at Utica, N. Y., he was offered a situation in the post office, which he accepted, and was afterwards, for some years, Mr. Danby's Deputy.

Close application and confinement to business made a change desirable, and the western country presenting attractions, he visited Ohio, near Cleveland, and purchased an unimproved farm. Having made improvements, he returned to Litchfield, and October 24, 1842, was united in marriage to Mary A. Townsend, daughter of Captain Zevariah Townsend. (See genealogy of family of "Townsend.")

After several years spent in the active pursuits of farming at Solon, removal was made to the eligible location and residence, situated on Euclid avenue, East Cleveland.

Euclid avenue is the admiration of visitors to the city of Cleveland. Magnificent in extent, it is bordered with palatial residences, and its outlook is grand and inspiring. Cleveland is described by native and foreign writers, as one of the most beautiful of cities. The characteristic swiftness of American methods, and rapid growth, have prevailed in a remarkable degree. Its broad streets, and depth of lawns fronting its numerous beautiful dwellings, lend a look of "generous ease," which is specially noticeable.

At the home on Euclid avenue, the "old, old story" of "Love's Young Dream," has been often told, and "Father" and "Mother," might have said, with the ancient poet:

"—When with envy, time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
I'll in my girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing with my boys."

November 12th of each year, is made the occasion of a reunion here, of the families of Charles R., and Richard C. Smith, in honor of the birth-day anniversary of the two brothers.

The children of Charles R. and Mary Ann Smith, are:

1. Emily Thankful, born December 14, 1843. Married Edward B. Eddy, July 10, 1871, at E. Cleveland, O.

Their children:

Doane, born October 19, 1874, at "Blue Tent," California.
Helen Mary, born December 25, 1877, at "Gold Hill," Nevada

2. Helen Maria, born November 27, 1844. Married John Ransom Kennicut, at East Cleveland, January 10, 1871.

Their children:

Cass Langdon, born February 25, 1872
Lynn S., born May 31, 1874.
Donald Augustine, born September 30, 1881

J. Ransom Kennicut was instrumental in raising a Company in Chicago, which was a part of the 37th Illinois Regiment, in which he served to the close of the War, (1861-'65). During this period he was promoted to the command of said 37th Regiment, and his brother George, Sergeant in said Company. Their field of service was mostly in the South and Southwest. They were at the siege of Vicksburg; saw service in Alabama, Georgia, Mis-

issippi, New Mexico, and possibly in Texas. At the close of the War, Colonel Ransom Kennicut, received a Lieutenant's commission in the Regular Army, and was sent West, into the Indian country, and, while in the line of duty, lost his left arm by a gunshot wound. He was then ordered on the retired list, liable to be called at any time to active service.

3. Lewis Cass, born July 12, 1846. Married, *first*, Agnes Dickenson, February 27, 1872, at East Cleveland. She died November 23, 1872. One son, Charles Dickinson, born November 18, 1872.

He married, *second*, Clara Richards, May 7, 1878.

Their children:

Florence Kate, born June 5, 1879.

Clifton Cass, born August 2, 1880.

4. Stella K., born October 4, 1849. Married George Kennicut, at East Cleveland, February 19, 1877.

Their children:

Clara Essie, born June 27, 1878.

Irene Ransom, born March 15, 1880.

David Rockwell, born December 5th, 1883.

For George Kennicut's "War Record," reference is made to that of Colonel J. Ransom Kennicut. Hearts are stirred at mention of the "Old Flag."

THE OLD FLAG.

"When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her banner to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there,
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial light
With streakings of the morning light,
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.



Then success to the Flag of the nation,
May its folds all around us be spread,
It is blazoned with deeds of the valiant,
And sacred with names of the dead.

The stars are the symbol of union,
May they ever in unity wave,
The white is the emblem of honor,
The red is the blood of the brave.

Then success to the Flag of the nation,
May it sweep o'er the land and the sea,
Oh! wherever its splendor is darting,
Be it darted to nought but the free.

Soldiers! Keep its bright glories unsullied,
Sustain it on ocean and shore,
Rear it high, a brave beacon of freedom,
To the world, until time is no more."

5. Charles T., born October 10, 1852. Died September 13, 1884.

6. Mary Azubah, born November 4, 1854. Married Frank Langdon Kennicut, at East Cleveland, March 22, 1882. One Child:
Eugenia, born January 19, 1883.

7. Arthur D., born July 12, 1855. Died November 19, 1862.

8. Abbie T., born April 12, 1861. Married Elton G. Norris, at East Cleveland, June 19, 1883.



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON SMITH.

William H. H., son of William and Rhoda Rockwell Smith, was born June 5, 1814, at Litchfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y. His boyhood was spent in farm duties at home, varied with sports of hunting, fishing, &c.

He left home October, 1835, at the request of Mr. J. C. Wicker, of Utica, to take charge of his wholesale grocery and produce store, during an absence of a few weeks, and remained eighteen months.

In September, 1839, he accepted the position of "Collector" on the Syracuse and Auburn Rail Road, afterwards the Syracuse and Rochester, and now the New York Central.

This was the first railroad from the Atlantic seaboard to the Great Lakes, and was the thoroughfare of travel, for business or pleasure, between the eastern cities, to Niagara Falls, and the great west. There were many pleasant, and also, amusing features associated with the position of "Collector," as, opportunity to form pleasant acquaintances, and to see the notable men of the times, the names and deeds of whom have become part of our national history: John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Martin Van Buren, Lewis Cass, Silas Wright, Frank Granger, Judge Alfred Conkling, William H. Seward, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, Stephen A. Douglass, and many others.

The "Central City,"—Syracuse, the "City of Conventions,"—was a favorite and convenient gathering and stopping place, both for pleasure and political parties.

One of the most striking of the amusing incidents occurring during thirteen years of active railroad life, was published in the *Albany Evening Journal*, the article being furnished by George Dawson, who was eye-witness of the scene described, and which has since been several times republished, to "paint a moral or adorn a tale."

"The Russian Minister, M. Bodisco, was passing over the Syracuse and Auburn Rail Road, on an excursion to Niagara Falls, with a party of friends—it was his wedding tour. When the train reached Syracuse, an attache, or secretary, or something, took a fancy to quarrel with one of the men about the depot, and, with the insolence of a petty official, raised his cane and struck him. The man was about to take justice into his own hands, but the fellow claimed the protection of his master and his suite, who, of course, all took his part, and supposed their diplomatic character would enable him to get off with impunity. Mr. W. H. H. Smith, the collector and agent, immedi-



W. G. R. Smith

ately waited on the Minister in the car, stated the case, and civilly but firmly remarked that, such an unprovoked outrage could not be tolerated here; and wound up by expressing the hope that the Minister would end the business, as he easily could, by apologizing.

The Minister smiled. Apologize! Did *Monsieur le Conducteur* know whom he was addressing? It was M. Alexandre Bodisco, Ambassador of the Emperor of Russia! Mr. Smith coolly replied that if he was the Emperor of Russia himself, he was entitled to an apology; and he added, that until he got it, that train would stop where it was, in the Syracuse depot.

Great was the indignation of the circle when this audacious speech was translated all around it, and it was found that diplomatic proceedings were so suddenly brought to a stand-still. Terrible oaths were sworn at the Conductor, the railroad, the country, the—everybody! But as they were all in Russian, they did not hurt anybody. "I order this train to go on!" said the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, stepping out on the platform. The passengers stared. By-standers winked at each other. The little pop-corn and candy boys opened their eyes wide at the man with the long beard, and thought he must be crazy, but the train did not budge an inch. "I order this train to go on!" repeated M. Bodisco, bringing his cane vehemently down on the platform, by way of emphasis. No result. The smoke curled lazily up from the locomotive, and the fireman and engineer leaned back on the wood piles to enjoy the fun.

Fortunately at this moment a Washington acquaintance, who happened to be on board, came out, and undertook to explain American customs to the Ambassador. A long colloquy ensued in some foreign tongue, which nobody understood. The upshot of it was, however, that a handsome and courteous apology was tendered and received—the minister adding that his ignorance of the language and customs of the country had led him into a mistake. The whistle sounded, the bell rung, and away went the train, carrying two or three wiser people out of Syracuse than it brought in, half an hour before."

After severing his connection with the rail road in 1852, Mr. Smith became fully identified with the interests of the home of his adoption, and, shortly after, locating his homestead on the highlands to the southeast of the city, has helped to inaugurate, and make improvements, which have resulted in the permanent prosperity of that section of the town.

Formerly, it was a sufficient description of Syracuse to say, "Salt Point—this is the place where they make salt." It was long after the discovery of its famous salt springs, in 1654, by the Jesuit Father, Simon Le Moyne, that the classical name bestowed by its godfathers, raised visions of

"Sicilian palms and orange groves!"

"Two chains of hills, guardians of a deep and pleasant valley, sweep around the southern and eastern sides of the city, the Lake of Onondaga lies to the north and west. From the suburban heights a score of views, each different from the other, and all worthy of the canvass of the greatest landscapist may be obtained. Stand upon one of the elevations, gaze at the beautiful sunset in the background, the blue lake in the lesser distance, the spires and roofs of the city, tree-embowered at your feet, the woody hills of Onondaga, stretching in long lines to the right and left,"—and the eye falls upon a landscape unequalled in beauty.

This is the picture spread out before the home, on Irving Street Hill, which, built by Mr. Smith in 1852-1854, has since been occupied by himself and family. He has witnessed the changes incident to the growth of the flourishing city of Syracuse—the population having increased ten-fold in forty-five years—from 6,000, in 1839, to 60,000 at the present time.

In politics, Mr. Smith has always been a Republican. During the War of 1861-1865, he gave support and influence in such directions as best strengthened the union cause. In contributions of money—in assurances and help in support of the families of volunteers—in aiding the associations whose headquarters were at Syracuse, in their work of providing and forwarding supplies to the Union soldiers on the field, and in hospital, &c. Though always opposed on principle, to secret societies under our form of government, in the crisis of the "Rebellion," he became an active member of the "Loyal League", which was called into being, to counteract the machinations against the Union cause, of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," and similar disloyal organizations.

(Extract from newspaper "Report of the Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Association, at Syracuse," March 2, 1864.

"Where so many willing hearts and ready hands have labored faithfully, it might seem invidious to make any distinctions, but in every corps there will always be some individuals so conspicuous in exertion that they cannot be overlooked, and in this list Mrs. W. H. H. Smith is most prominent, she having cut 1,519 garments, (2,891 yards of material), the past year."

For the Committee,

LYDIA WALLACE.

It is recorded, "December, 1864. Mrs. W. H. H. Smith acted as Treasurer for one week, of the "Ladies' Aid Festival," for relief of Soldiers. March, 1864, to September, 1865, she cut 2,000 yards of material into garments for soldiers.")

Mr. Smith's natural fondness for nature, and the sports of his boyhood, have been marked characteristics throughout his life. Isaak Walton never had a more admiring and zealous pupil, and for thirty-five of the last forty years, he has visited, annually, the streams of Northern New York, and the lakes, "which sit like sparkling gems among the everlasting hills of the far-famed Adirondacks,"—and lured the "wary and lurking trout" from his hiding place, with an enthusiasm as true as the gentle Isaak himself.

"Indeed, my friend, you will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit, and a world of other blessings attending upon it."—*Isaak Walton*.

September 23, 1846, W. H. H. Smith was united in marriage with Margaret Treadwell Redfield, at Syracuse, N. Y.

"It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonnie bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side,

What's the world, my lass, my love—what can it do?
I am thine and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.
If the world have miss'd the mark, let it stand by,
For we two have gotten leave and once more we'll try,

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonnie bride!
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the song begins,
'All is made fresh for us, and the brave heart wins,'

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Thou shalt dry my tears lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day."

—*Jean Ingelow*.

Margaret T. Redfield was born January 6, 1825, at Onondaga Hollow, four miles from Syracuse, New York. In 1829, her father removed to Syracuse, which place was thenceforward the home of the family.

(See Genealogy of the Family of "Redfield.")

(In 1825, Syracuse was a hamlet, and it was in this year that the Revolutionary hero, General Marquis de La Fayette, made a tour of the United States, as the guest of the nation, receiving ovations from the citizens of all parts of the country through which he passed. In reply to the speech of welcome from the citizens of Onondaga County, he found occasion to remark upon the transformation, which he witnessed, in population, civilization and cultivation, compared with the "wilderness" through which he had passed when in command of the northern frontier.

In 1825, Clinton and Forman, and Geddes, "had thought out the problem of our great internal watercourse," which was so important a factor in the growth and prosperity of our city. November 4, 1825, marked the opening of the Erie Canal, which was celebrated from the sea-board to Lake Erie, by salutes of artillery, placed within hearing distance of each other, the length of the route. At New York city, "Governor DeWitt Clinton performed the ceremony of commingling the waters of Lake Erie with the waters of the Atlantic, and the Rev. Dr. Mitchell poured into the sea, bottles of water from every great river in the world."

In 1825, the Salt Springs were in the infancy of their development. In 1829, Syracuse was incorporated a village. The associations of a life-time are centred here.)

The history and traditions of ancestry relate of one maternal Great Grandfather, Thomas Treadwell, as follows:

"The Honorable Thomas Treadwell was born in the year 1743, at Smith-town, Long Island. He graduated at Princeton under Chancellor Livingston. Thompson, in his history of Long Island, says: "He was one of the most useful men of his day. He was well educated and distinguished for firmness and prudence during the difficult and trying period of the Revolution. He was almost constantly engaged in public business; was a member of the Provincial Convention in 1775, and was elected afterwards to the Provincial Congress, from Long Island, (with power to establish a new form of government). He was a member of the first Senate of this State, under the Constitution, and seems, in all respects, to have been fitted for the perilous times in which he lived. He was one of the three constituting the Committee of Safety while the Constitution of this State was being framed, in 1777; and was, for many years, the only surviving member of that memorable body."

Seward's Introduction to the History of the State of New York. Sprague's Annals.

HIS PUBLIC RECORD.—He was representative in the "Continental Congress," in Philadelphia, 1772-1776. In 1775 was elected to the Provincial Congress, sitting in the city of New York. In 1776 he was, with others, elected to represent Suffolk County, Long Island. This Provincial Congress

met at the Court House in Westchester County, but sat in Fishkill, November 8. In 1778 he was a delegate to the Convention at Poughkeepsie to deliberate on the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. He was also appointed, during the same year, Judge of Probates, in the City of New York, which office he held until Surrogates were appointed for each county. In 1791 he was elected to represent Suffolk, Kings, and Queens Counties, in the Continental Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, (to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Townsend). In 1793 he was again elected to represent these counties, which he continued to do until he removed to Plattsburgh. In 1804 he was elected Senator for the Northern District, and in 1807 he was appointed Surrogate of Clinton County, which office he continued to hold until his death at Plattsburgh, N. Y., December 25, 1831. Aged 88 years.

The maternal Great-Grandfather "Platt" gave the name to Plattsburgh. The house of Isaac Platt is historic. During the Battle of Plattsburgh, in 1813, the family fled, and the house was taken possession of by the land force of the British, who sacked it, and later, it served as a hospital for their wounded, and the surrounding acres received their dead.

GEORGE TREADWELL SMITH.

George T., son of William and Rhoda Rockwell Smith, was born at Litchfield, N. Y., July 4, 1815. He will be remembered as a man of generous and kindly nature, and not of robust constitution. He died October 17, 1853, at Bedford, Ohio, shortly after his return from California, having caught the prevailing fever, when crossing the Isthmus. Aged not quite two-score years. The ancestral name of Treadwell, thus preserved in the family, is also that of ancestors of the wife of his brother, W. H. H. Smith. His brother, Silas, succeeded in tracing, as he thought, a connection between the two families, at a remote period.

THANKFUL SMITH.

Thankful, only daughter of William and Rhoda Rockwell Smith, was born June 7, 1816, at Litchfield, Herkimer County, New York. She was united in marriage to Rowland Folger Russell, September 20, 1847, at Turin, Lewis County, New York. She died March 17, 1857, at Auburn, New York, and is laid to rest on the sunny summit of "Fort Hill" Cemetery.

Their children were:

William Smith, born May 6, 1849. Married Emily A. Thomas, at Galveston, Texas, January 8, 1874. Two sons.

Cornelia, born January 26, 1851. Died November 19, 1853.

Charles Albert, born May 27, 1852. Married Lillian Warriner, December 10, 1878, at Toledo, Ohio.

The mother of "Thankful" left six children. She being the only daughter, was adopted by a maternal aunt, Miss Phebe Rockwell, whose home was at Turin, New York. Here she grew to womanhood, visiting, year by year, the Litchfield home, and loving and beloved by all the claimants on her filial and sisterly affection. She will be remembered as a person of refined tastes, and cultivated mind.

"Day by day we think what she is doing,
In the bright realms of air;
Year after year her gentle steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.
Thus shall we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which friendship gives;
Thinking that our remembrance, tho' unspoken,
May reach her where she lives."

In the traditions of the Island of Nantucket, are found the history of the "Folger" family, with which R. Folger Russell, Esq., is connected. His uncle, Captain Folger, retired from service upon the seas, to the inland city of Auburn, N. Y., in whose beautiful shades he passed the remainder of his days, till he joined the "silent multitude" of "Fort Hill." In Mr. Russell's boyhood, he was a member of Cap-

tain Folger's family, and filled the place of Son to Captain and Mrs. Folger. "Aunt Folger," as she was lovingly called, by many persons other than her kindred, passed away at the residence of Mr. Russell, at Toledo, Ohio, June 26, 1872, aged eighty-two years. Her father's name, Gateskill, was found upon chronometers, manufactured by him, at London, England.

The time honored names of Folger, Coffin, Swain, and Macy, are found in the early records of the Island of Nantucket, Massachusetts, and they still designate many of its inhabitants. As their representatives have passed into the outside world, and have won in honorable effort, laurels in the fields of enterprise, science, and statesmanship, great pride is felt by the islanders, in its sons and daughters, of whom they can say, as of Miss Mitchell, that, her eyes first opened on the starry heavens at Nantucket;—of Lucretia Mott, that she was descended from a Coffin, one of the first settlers;—of Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States—first cousin of R. F. Russell—that he was born in 1818, in such a house, upon their island, and that Dr. Franklin's mother, also, was a Folger from Nantucket.

The race of Folger have been residents of Nantucket for two hundred years. The beloved and honored Judge Charles J. Folger was thought strongly to resemble in features, his kinsman, Benjamin Franklin, whose mother was a daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first colonists of New England—a distinguished man, of whom Cotton Mather makes honorable mention, in his Ecclesiastical History of that province, as a "*pious and learned Englishman*." Peter Folger was author of a poem in defence of liberty of conscience.

Nantucket is still the quaintest of all quaint places. Pleasure seekers are attracted, and never tire of its surf, the fish, the moors with their flora, or the air. It is rich in antique stores of bric-a-brac, furniture, china, etc., and relic hunters have found "spoils" that made them happy in its acquisition, when attending the auctions held weekly in the open market place, and heralded, like other news, by the "Town Crier," whose honorable office dates from time immemorial—when newspapers were not, and no other method was there in use, for disseminating the news of the day. The Quaker element formerly was largely in the ascendant, and to the "plain folk," with "plain speech," belonged the Folgers, the Coffins, etc. The history of Nantucket is full of pathos!

There are still to be seen in its streets many more females than men—reviving the pathetic tales of losses at sea, of fathers, husbands, brothers and sons, when whale fishing was the occupation of the men of the island. The women, left much alone, grew to be a self-reliant race, developing great stock, of sturdy endurance and vigor of intellect. In the old times, when the Fol-

gers, and Coffins, and Macys, and Swains flourished, these were the days when Nantucket was the most important fishing port on our Atlantic coast, and it was the headquarters of a brave race of fishermen. Upon the introduction of petroleum into general use, its commercial enterprise and glory departed, and its calm and quiet are now disturbed only by the summer visitors, who linger over its museums, the quaint epitaphs in its cemeteries containing 10,000 graves, and watch and note the fast disappearing traces of the sturdy forefathers living there a century and a half ago.





Albert G. Smith

ALBERT GALLATIN SMITH.

Albert G., son of William and Rhoda Rockwell Smith, was born at Litchfield, New York, February 10, A. D. 1818. His school privileges were those enjoyed at the common school at Litchfield, before he was sixteen years of age, and one quarter at the Utica Academy—David Prentice, Principal—after he entered the Utica Post Office. He left the home of his boyhood at sixteen years of age, and for four years was in the Utica Post Office, under A. G. Danby, Esq. He left the Post Office to become assistant to Julius A. Spencer in the Utica Railroad ticket office. July 4, 1839, he went on the first train over the Syracuse and Utica Railroad to Syracuse, and there assisted in establishing the ticket office, and in the arrangement of the business of the company at that point. The last of the same month Mr. Smith went to Auburn with John Wilkinson, and through his kindness was introduced to the board of directors of the Auburn and Syracuse Railroad, and received the appointment of their local agent, and was in charge for ten years of the passenger and freight business of that road, and of the Auburn and Rochester road, when constructed. At the same time following out the principle of action, which, in his earliest experiences of life, he had marked out for himself, which was—in schemes of business to develop opportunities for employing and benefitting laboring people. In obedience to that principle of action, he is found, while engaged in office pursuits, also embarked in various active operations outside of these duties: developing business energy, activity and ability in a remarkable degree—marked among his peers—which led to more important results at a later period. As, embarking in the iron business, and it is noted that Mr. Smith was among the first to see the coming wants of railroads, in re-rolling worn out rails; and the first mill west of Troy, New York, for “re-rolling,” was built by him at

Cleveland, Ohio. He erected the first "puddling furnaces," and they were also operated at Cleveland.

Mr. Smith has been heard to say that, his greatest pleasure has always come from the exercise of his mechanical genius, in laying out and planning machinery, work for others, &c.

The first fruit of his native talent in the direction of invention, was, when a lad, the making of a machine for paring apples, utilizing the brass wheels of an old clock, in its construction. His first ideas about working in iron were obtained at Potter's blacksmith shop at Litchfield, where of an evening, he earned "holiday money,"—striking for making horse shoes.

He adopted and has used through life four maxims, learned from his father, which he has found to be the groundwork of all book-keeping. His father quoted them as having been used by himself in book-keeping in his early life:

"Stock to your debts must debtor be
And creditor by property.
In journal laws, what you receive,
Is debtor made to what you give.
Profit and loss account is plain—
You debit loss and credit gain."

After many years spent in the prosecution of large business enterprises at Auburn and Utica, New York, and Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Smith is found still pursuing the same activities at Cleveland and New Lisbon, Ohio.

In 1856, the iron works at Cleveland were constructed by him, and on the breaking out of the war and during its continuance, (1861-1865), having 200 men in his employ, and not being able to personally enter the service of the Union, he gave his countenance and support in such directions as were called for, viz. : recruiting and assurance of support to families of volunteers; contributions of money, enrollment in the Home Guards, aiding the sanitary and hospital associations, whose headquarters were at Cleveland, Ohio, &c.

Albert G. Smith and Maria Ripley Leland were married September 28, 1841. She was a daughter of Hon. John D. Leland, of Deerfield, Oneida County, New York, and was born April 20, 1819.

Their children were:

1. Cornelia Maria, born July 12, 1842. Died April 15, 1848.
2. Albert Augustin, born January 25, 1844. Died December 29, 1873. He enlisted in the "100 Days' Men" from Cleveland, called out by President Lincoln for the defence of Washington, D. C., at a critical period, when that city was threatened by Lee's army.
3. Caroline Emily, born September 30, 1845. Died April 1, 1848.
4. Anna Maria, born September 7, 1848. She was married to Edward B. Rawson, April 9, 1872, at Cleveland, Ohio.
Their children were:
Isabella, born July 30, 1873. Died January 3, 1876.
Levi, born May 26, 1876.
Maria Leland, born January 10, 1878. Died March 28, 1879.
Mary Joy, born September 4, 1882.
5. Helen, born September 21, 1850.
6. Frances Hoppock, born February 22, 1852. She was married to Charles Frederick Fish, of Saratoga, New York, November 8, 1882. He was born August 16, 1845.
7. Russell, born October 7, 1856. Died August 22, 1857.
8. Rosetta, born October 7, 1856.



RICHARD CELLINUS SMITH.

Richard C., son of William and Rhoda Rockwell Smith, was born November 12, 1819, at Litchfield, New York. He was united in marriage to Susan M. Myers, at Litchfield, November, 1840. The marriage took place a few days before he attained his majority, and they immediately started for the western home, which was established at Bedford, Ohio.

Their children were:

1. Emma G., born November 26, 1841. Died January 29, 1856.

"How strange she should sleep so profoundly,
So young, so unworn by the strife,
While beside her, brimful of hope's nectar,
Untouched, stood the goblet of life.

'Tis idle to talk of the future
And the rare "might have been" mid our tears,
God knew all about it, yet took her,
Away from the on-coming years "

2. Edward Carvasso, born July 7, 1843. Married Mary N. Gannon, December 22, 1876. She was born March 21, 1851. One child, Richard Breson, born August 27, 1878.

3. Thankful A., born March 17, 1845. Married Eugene A. Osborne, November 6, 1866. Died February 24, 1871, at Norwalk, Ohio. A beloved daughter.

Her children were:

Georgia born November 23, 1867. Died February 29, 1868.

Georgia, born December 24, 1868.

Susie, born November 16, 1870. Died February 16, 1871.

- 4 Anna M., born January 12, 1852. Died June 26, 1853.

5. Richard M., born April 22, 1855. Died June 25, 1855.

6. Walter H., born July 29, 1857. Died January 3, 1860.

7. Susie, born April, 17, 1860. Died August 5, 1860.

The removal from Bedford to Euclid Avenue, East Cleveland, was made in 1853. Memory lingers over the loved ones in that home—

angel wings shadowed it, and Christian Hope and Faith alone could rise to behold how beautiful and how near were the heavenly mansions prepared for the pure in heart. Time, with chastening influence, casts a halo of tender memories about the associations clustering there. Susan, the loving, faithful wife and mother, was gifted with a nature free from taint of selfishness. May 14, 1860, she slept the sleep that knows no waking here, and passed up the "golden way," whither her loved ones had "gone before."



Richard C. Smith was united in marriage to Mercy A. Eddy, May 15, 1862, at East Cleveland, Ohio.

Her grandmother, Sarah Adams, came from Haddam, Conn., and died aged 87 years. Her daughter, Mercy Parker Doane, born 1801, died 1881, was the first white child born in the vicinity of Cleveland, Ohio. Sarah Doane, mother of Mercy Eddy, born in Cleveland, in 1804, was the eighth of nine children, of Sarah Adams. She was the first teacher in Cleveland. She married Dennis Eddy, a "Green Mountain" boy, whose father came from England, and whose mother died when he was a babe. She died aged 72 years. Many members of the family have lived to be very aged.

1798-1873. Seventy-fifth anniversary of the Doane settlement in Cleveland, Ohio. One hundred and eighteen members of the family met at dinner, at the residence of W. H. Doane, Esq., corner of Euclid and Stretcor avenues. From the history of the family given in prose and verse, on that occasion, a few facts are taken at this time. The founder of the family of Doane in this country was John Doane, who "crossed the Atlantic in one of the first three ships that sailed to Plymouth, landing upon that historic spot in the year 1630. In 1633 he was chosen assistant to Governor Winslow; in 1636 one of the commissioners to revise the laws; in 1642, again assistant to the Governor. In 1647, 1649 and several succeeding years, he was elected Deputy to the Colony Court. He died 1685, aged 95 years. A descendant of John Doane, Timothy, the great Connecticut ancestor, was a ship builder in Massachusetts. Of his grandchildren, one, Nathaniel, was the grandfather of the host of the occasion," and of Mrs. Mercy E. Smith, of East Cleveland. "He was the first Doane to reach this vicinity, being here in 1796 and 1797, as a member of a surveying party. In 1798 he moved his family, experiencing all the privations incident to those pioneer times." "Doane's Corners," subsequently East Cleveland, is now incorporated in the city of Cleveland.

The children of Richard C. and Mercy Eddy Smith, are:

Heward E., born July 24, 1863.

Mary Rockwell, born September 24, 1865. At "Brookside," July 9th, 1884, she was united in marriage with A. O. Spence, of Fredericksburgh, Ohio.

Doane C., born July 19, 1869.

Warren Hudson Hollday, born February 3, 1881.

Near the city of Cleveland, Ohio, is beautiful "Brookside," which the tasteful culture of Mr. Smith has made very attractive. On the gently undulating surface of the highlands on which the home is situated, stand Cessars, transplanted by him, from the Lakeside at Litch-



Richard D. Smith

field, New York. In the ornamental sheet of water is reflected the pretty home, built and occupied by himself and family.

Upon the annual recurrence of Thanksgiving Day, "custom" perpetuates the old New England observance of the day, by a "family" reunion at "Brookside."

In a life of practical Christianity, the Christianity of action, vindicating his faith by his works,

"A solitary blessing few can find,

Our joys with those we love are intertwined;

And he whose wakeful tenderness removes

Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the friends he loves,

Smooths not another's rugged path alone,

But scatters roses to adorn his own."



WILLIAM SMITH MARRIED CATHARINE KELTY.

At Peterboro, New York, September 20, 1824, William Smith was married to Catharine Keltly. She was born May 16, 1793, at Morrisania, New York. She died June 10, 1858, at Bedford, Ohio.

Their children were:

Keltly, born November 24, 1825. Died February 15, 1832.

MATTHIAS McCHESNEY SMITH.

Matthias M., son of William, and Catharine Keltly Smith was born February 26, 1826, at Litchfield, New York. He married, December 24, 1852, Elizabeth M. Thomas, daughter of Anthony and Isabella Thomas. She was born February 20, 1831 at Hamilton, Madison County, New York. Her father was born in Connecticut and her mother in London, England. Matthias M. passed his boyhood at home in farm labors, and going to district school, with two terms of select school taught in the neighborhood, and, as he writes at this time, "never going further from home than Utica and Peterboro." My first journey was when brother Charles was married, I drove the horse and chaise to Auburn—two days going from Utica—they going by railroad. My first ride on the cars was on my return. When I was nineteen years of age, father removed with his family to Bedford, Ohio. May, 1854, with my wife, I settled on section nine, town ten, in later years called Ithaca, Wisconsin. Here our children have grown up, and we have aimed and worked to give them good educations, but the thirty-one years have not been all circus days, nor Fourth of July days. I sometimes think I would like to try it all over again.

Our children are:—

Frederick A., born September 25, 1853. Married; two children. Lives 125 miles northwest of Ithaca.

James W., born March 30, 1857. Married.

Katie B., born June 17, 1859.

Frank M., born November 1, 1864.

Anna E., born December 28, 1870.

Mrs. Anna E. Robbins visited her brothers among the Wisconsin hills, in the fall of 1883, and writes as follows: "Tastes for music, books and study are strongly developed throughout Matthias' family. Katie and I, on horseback, partly ascended a hill on the home-farm and then scrambled to the summit, from which was to be seen a beautiful view of the farm, and surrounding country. Matt. asked me, "was I ever so near Heaven before?"



JAMES BRUSH SMITH.

James B., son of William and Catharine Kelty Smith was born at Litchfield, New York, December 14, 1828. A bachelor farmer, he has for many years, like his brother Matthias, lived among the Wisconsin hills.

A Damon and Pythias friendship existing between the brothers, resulted in community of industrial pursuits and interests. At latest advices James B. would soon enter upon the duties of Assessor, to which he was this spring elected—only two votes being cast against him in the town. Matt. M. writes: "That is his standing in the town."

ANNA ELIZABETH SMITH.

Anna E., daughter of William and Catharine Kelty Smith, was born January 21, 1831, at Litchfield, New York. She was united in marriage, July 19, 1860, to William Riley Robbins, at Solon, Ohio. Mr. Robbins was born August 16, 1825. Their early married life was passed at Solon; since 1868, Clinton, Iowa, has been the home of their selection.

Their two children are:

Richard Smith, born February 3, 1863.

Arthur William, born December 4, 1867.

Mrs. Robbins is a general favorite.

"A woman true and pure,
To feel, imagine and endure,
To soar for truth—to labor for mankind"

A portion of the history of the life of the father of Mr. Robbins, was formerly widely and familiarly known to the public. It is gratifying to be able to perpetuate the memory of a man who "loved his fellow man," and was useful in his day and generation. The striking features of his eventful life are: In 1824 there was published at Hartford, Conn., the seventeenth edition of a book—copyrighted September 13, 1818—dedicated as follows: "To the Hon. James Simpson, American Consul General at Tangiers, and the Hon. William Willshire, British Consul General, and American Consular Agent at Magadore, Africa:

GENTLEMEN:—Permit me to offer this little volume to you. I have, upon the *Ocean*, endured the distress occasioned by the *elements*; upon *Land* the miseries inflicted by *man*, and from YOU have enjoyed the blessings of humane benevolence, which I can repay only by unalterable gratitude.

With high respect and consideration, I am Gentlemen,

Your grateful and obedient servant,

ARCHIBALD ROBBINS."

The title of the book thus dedicated, reads as follows: "A journal comprising an account of the loss of the Brig, Commerce, of Hartford, (Conn.) James Riley, Master, upon the Western coast of Africa, August 28, 1815; also of the Slavery and Sufferings of the rest of the Crew, upon the Desert of Zahara, in the years 1815, 1816, 1817; with Accounts of the Manners, Customs and Habits of the Wandering Arabs; also a Brief, Historical and Geographical View of the Continent of Africa. By Archibald Robbins."

"The war of the United States with Algiers grew out of the violation of the treaty of 1796, by the Algerians, and numerous depredations committed by them upon American commerce. The history of the war is briefly this: An American squadron, under Commodore Decatur, sailed into the Mediterranean, captured an Algerian brig and forty-four gun frigate, and at length appeared before Algiers; and the Dey, intimidated, signed a treaty of peace advantageous to the United States, on the 30th of June, 1815."

In response to a request for reminiscences, etc., William R. Robbins, Esq., communicates the following: "Captain Archibald Robbins, author of 'Robbins' Journal,' was my father. After he got back from his captivity with the Arabs, he concluded not to give up sailing on the ocean, and continued at sea till promoted Captain, sailing principally between the United States and the West India Islands; during the time, he was chased by Ocean Pirates. One time he escaped from them, and one time was taken. They boarded his vessel, and called on him, as Captain, to give up all the money he had on board. He had only two or three hundred dollars, as he was loaded for home—New York city—with coffee, etc. Not believing him, they strung him up by the neck, and pretending to put a dagger in his breast, once came so near that the skin was cut a little. This was done to scare him into telling them where to find his money. He had given them all when they first came on board. Finally giving it up, they left him, after taking a few sacks of coffee, and a few other articles, telling him to steer such a certain course, during the day. An heir-loom, still in the possession of the family, is a small gold watch, which he secreted in a rubbish heap under the hatchway, as he was going to meet the pirates, and which they did not find. Another time—before his promotion to the rank of Captain—he was going to France in a sailing vessel, as supercargo or clerk of the cargo, during the war of 1812, with England. The vessel was taken by the English war ships and he was taken prisoner and lay in Halifax Prison twelve months, or till the war was over. Soon

after the experience with the pirates, he quit the seas, and settled at Rocky Hill, Connecticut; in 1836 he moved to Solon, Ohio, where he started the town and lived there till his death, in the winter of 1859-60." The widow of Archibald Robbins died at the residence of her son, in 1883.



MARY T. SMITH.

Mary T., youngest child of William and Catharine Kelty Smith, was born September 27, 1837, at Litchfield, New York.

With curly hair, and bird-like voice, she was the pet of the family at home, and specially of her father, as he was hers. She always delighted to be with him, amusing him with her childish ways and watchful care. Her care for her father in his old age is very pleasantly remembered. She was married to Wilfred F. Hale, November 25, 1869, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Robbins, at Clinton, Iowa.

Their children are:

Katie A., born May 17, 1874, at Solon, Ohio.

Anna C., born February 24, 1876. Died January 11, 1877.

Fred S., born March, 1884.



THE HOME AT LITCHFIELD.

In 1793 Richard Smith removed from Long Island, to Litchfield, Herkimer County, New York, making a purchase of about 500 acres of land. With his wife and family of four children, with a considerable portion of his means in Continental money, and with a surplus of manly energy and enterprise, he entered upon pioneer life.

Since that period, how wonderful are the changes that have taken place! The centuries preceding seem barren compared with the last. Upon territory which was then almost unexplored, are now found populous and wealthy cities. The lumbering stage coach; the canals; have been followed by railroads which "bring the uttermost ends of the earth together." Scientific invention has chained the lightning and it carries our messages to a friend in Europe and we receive a response within a few hours. The telegraph, the telephone and electric light, foreshadow achievements in the future, which it is difficult to conceive.

The story of the past! The story, and the memories of our forefathers, show by what "toilsome ways they followed the Star of Empire westward, and made the paths of civilization smooth for their children's feet!"

The traveler from Utica, in the times of which we write, found his most direct route to Litchfield, to lie over the Frankfort Hills—then a wilderness—and experienced the hardships incident to the times.

Richard Smith's son, William, became the owner, by purchase, of about 140 acres of the above tract of land, which included a gem of a lake covering about forty acres, and which for many years bore his name, but which is now known as Cedar Lake. Into its clear waters on one side were cast the shadows of cedars, the shore and bottom being marl. On the other side a bolder, gravelly border met the eye. Its waters were deep, with little inlet, its supplies coming from springs, and its outlet was a brook of good dimensions. Here were favoring circumstances for abundant supply of fish, among which were found "speckled trout." In the spring and fall of the year, on its bosom rested numerous flocks of wild ducks and geese. No pond lilies were ever so fragrant as those that grew in its waters.

In "Wild Flower Portraiture," occurs this passage: "There are growing in Cedar Lake, Litchfield, Herkimer County, New York, a species of

white water lily, which are smaller, more delicate and more fragrant than those commonly known. Its green leaves are the size and shape of a colt's foot." [There also are found a variety of univalve shells, very minute, but of interest to the student in conchology, because pronounced rare.—*Ed.*]

On rising ground, fronting the lake, was built the house—at first of logs. As settlers came and made homes, the wish for religious and educational privileges resulted in the building of a school house, and establishing a school. William Smith and Aaron Goodier took steps for the formation of a church organization of the Methodist denomination, which held their services in the school house. Mr. Smith and Aaron Goodier were licensed as local preachers, and, for many years, conducted religious services on those Sabbaths which were not supplied by circuit preachers. It is related that Lorenzo Dow found his way to William Smith's, for it was known that the "latch string" was always out—ministers, brethren and friends were welcomed in season and out of season. The eloquent and pious Lorenzo Dow was an "itinerant evangelist," widely known, whose long hair and beard "seemed to give an apostolic effect to his ministry." He preached under the butternut tree in Mr. Smith's "door-yard," and created a sensation among the large assembly of people gathered to hear him. Before leaving, he made an appointment, to preach in the same place "that day two years," which appointment he kept, and his wife, Peggy, came with him. They came on horseback, Peggy riding behind. At the close of the services, without dismissing the assemblage, he disappeared without a word. The people waited, supposing he would return, but he did not.

The good seed planted by Mr. Smith and Mr. Goodier, flourished, and the fruit was seen in the morality and prosperity of the surrounding community.

Here was born to William Smith, a patriarchial family—seventeen children. Fifteen of the seventeen grew to manhood and womanhood. The sons were trained to healthy labor, finding their sports in hunting,

fishing, swimming, rowing, &c., with good variety of neighborhood parties, singing schools, spelling schools, balls, ball-playing, militia trainings, &c.

To this retired home, alive with the hum of industry, came relatives and friends from the busy world, and gave, with books, the stimulus to intellects ready to grasp, and to *be en rapport*, with the progress and forces of the period.

Time passed, and the children became men and women, and one by one passed out from the home, into the world, bearing their own responsibilities, in lives full of activity and usefulness.

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial place 'God's acre'—it is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust."

In the family burying plot, on William Smith's farm, lie his father and mother, two of his wives, his young children, and others more distantly related to him. The family hold the title in perpetuity.

In February, 1845, Mr. Smith sold the farm, including the lake, and in June, 1846, removed, with his family, to Bedford, Ohio. The children will remember their father's description of the home at Litchfield:

O, solitude! thou sweet retreat, from pride and bustle free,
This is the place where friendship dwells, it's well it is for me.
No stately dome of nobler size is built to feast our pride,
A cottage small, yet room for all who in our host confide.
As for our cheer, cider or beer; say mutton, beef, or ham,
Coffee or tea, whate'er it be, 'tis all alike to him.
The butternut and willow green, they form a pleasant shade,
While trees of nobler size appear, as by nature made.
The silver fount that lies in front, it forms a pleasing view,
Whose fowl and fish, would form a dish, for Christian, Turk or Jew.

Albert G. remembers the occasion, when his father composed the above poetry.

In March of the present year, Richard C. Smith and his brother,

William, were talking at Syracuse, of their boyhood at Litchfield, and like his father, "Richard's" thoughts found poetical expression, as follows:

HOME MEMORIES.

While thinking of the times of old,
Sweet memories to my mind unfold;
The scenes of childhood and of youth,
So real, and the living truth.

The place, the old paternal hearth,
The dearest spot on all the earth;
The rearing place of loved ones here,
And loved ones that have gone before.

The generous place for wooden fire,
The chair that held our sainted sire;
Furniture, all, both old and new,
Appears in panoramic view.

Still other objects fresh as light,
Open up to memory's sight,
And to her longings do respond
And show the meadow and the pond.

The butternut, willow, apple and thorn,
Are fresh to my vision as on childhood's morn;
The orchard, the garden, wagon house and barn,
Appear, as of yore, on this old homestead farm.

I extend my vision and cover more space,
To the rocky shore and swimming place,
Where hills are covered with hemlocks grand,
While cedars border the limpid strand.

The south hill, with its rounded dome,
Where cattle and horses were wont to roam,
Would oft require the boy most fleet,
To bring them home from their lone retreat.

Still follow around to the north and west,
To limekiln, quarry and phoebe's nest,
Where by the instinct of nature, on each coming year,
They return to the cove their young ones to rear.

The sports of our childhood demand of us room,
In hilarious tones saying, "Give us a boom."
They are so numerous, uproarious and loud
They'll scarcely be covered with poesies shroud.

In winter's long evenings, the chores being done,
'Round the old kitchen fire was plenty of fun—
Fox and geese, checkers, with jokes passing fast—
Pop-corn, nuts, apples and cider complete the repast.

When Old Sol's warming-pan softened the air,
The clans from seclusion are off on a tare,
To camp-fire and sugar bush eagerly went,
Having robbed all the hen-roosts, because it was *lent*.

With fishing, hunting, boating and swimming,
Base-ball and barn ball, hie-spy and skating,
Add to the melee and give it a zest,
And more of like kindre;—but—Oh, give us a rest!"

The inspiration of the subject also fell upon Charles R. Smith,
whose muse touches the chords of memory, sending forth tones clear
and sweet as those of his brother, Richard C. Smith.

TO THE HOME AT LITCHFIELD, N. Y.

The home of my youth—
Through the vista of years,
What joys and what sorrows,
What smiles and what tears,
Have illumined my life,
Or saddened its hours—
Now darkened in shadow,
Now brightened with flowers.

The home of my youth—
How sacred the shrine!
How hallow'd the mem'ries
That 'round it entwine,
From life's early manhood,
To life's ripest age—
From the pranks of the boy,
To the whims of the sage.

Three-score and twelve years—
Where once used to grow
The brown locks luxuriant,
Now whitened to snow,—
Have failed to erase,
Or even impair,
The tints of the picture
Once stereotyped there.

The green where we played
So joyous and free,
In the wide spreading shade
Of the butternut tree—
Or willow, with branches
Gold-tinted, and slim—
Loud, hoisterous with mirth,
We played with a vim.

Just north of the lawn—
Now passed from the earth
Where brethren and sisters,
And I, had our birth—
The roof that then shelter'd,—
The fire that then warmed,—
The crane and the hooks
That the fire-place adorned.

The basement fronts eastward,
And near is the well,
No carpets or pictures
Of luxury tell,
But the frugal board
With Thanksgiving spread—
Health bloomed on each cheek,
Touched with amber or red.

Time makes pungent changes,
Or graceful or rude,
From plain honest clothes,
To the garb of the 'dude.'
So the highly æsthetic
Did liberties take—
Changed honest 'Smith's Pond,'
To dude 'Cedar Lake.'

Oh, beautiful lake!
Bright, sparkling and clear—
While mem'ry remains,
Will to mem'ry be dear;
In the shimmer of sunlight,
Or moon's paler ray,
Thy glories still haunt me,
And will not away!

Well now I recall
The old log canoe—
The place where we fished,
And the pond lilies too;
The steep gravelly bank,
Near the cedars so slim—
So joyous and happy,
We oft took a swim.

In winter, old Boreas
As shivering clasped—
With ice-stiffen'd hands
The lake as he passed—
Its late limpid waters
As fast as a vise—
As clear now as crystal,
Is smooth glary ice.

'Hurrah!' for the skates!
The ring of the steel—
On bright moonlight nights,
Like music, the peal.
Now forward, now backward,
Now fast and now slow;
Now circling in eddies—
Like meteors we go!

Bright scenes of the past,
While life shall remain,
'Tis a joy to rehearse,
And live over again,
'Til silent forever,
And laid down to rest—
Shall the home of my youth
Forever be blest!

Matthias M. Smith writes as follows: "W. H. H. will perhaps remember the old kitchen at home—the oven and the fire-place:—they are brought to my mind as the youngsters sing the song that I send to you, and sometimes it makes a little lump in my throat."

THE OLD KITCHEN FLOOR.

"Back in my wanderings my thoughts have been cast,
To the cot where the hours of my childhood were passed.
I love all its rooms, to the pantry and hall,
But that blessed old kitchen is dearer than all!
Its chairs and its tables, none brighter could be,
And all its surroundings were sacred to me.
From the nail on the ceiling to the latch on the door—
I love every crack on that old kitchen floor.

I remember the fire-place with mouth high and wide,
And the old-fashioned oven that stood by its side,
Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies,
Which fairly bewildered and dazzled our eyes;
And old St. Nicholas, so slyly and still,
Came down every Christmas our stockings to fill.
But the dearest of memories laid up in store—
Are, dear mother, for you, on that old kitchen floor.

To-night those old visions come back at their will,
But the wheel and its music forever are still.
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it, lie mouldering in clay.
But that sacred old hearthstone—
'Tis in vision, just as 'twas then,
And the voices of children ring out there again,
And the sun through the window shines in as of yore,
But it sees other feet on that old kitchen floor.

I ask not for treasures, but this I would crave,
That when the lips speaking are closed in the grave,
My children would gather theirs, round by their side,
And tell them of a mother that long ago died.
'Twould be more enduring, far dearer to me,
Than inscription on marble or granite could be,
To know they tell often, as I did of yore,
Of a mother they loved, on that old kitchen floor."

Matthias M. says: "My early recollections of our old home at Litchfield, and its surroundings; of father and mother, with their good example, and good advice, and watchful care; of brothers and sisters coming and going; of the thousand and one cousins and friends who visited at father's, and always found a hearty welcome at his

'Cottage small,
Yet room for all, who in their host confide,'

are all of the pleasantest kind.

I think mother inherited her father's humor and her mother's dignity. She could be very dignified, but she greatly enjoyed a good joke. I remember a young Methodist minister once said to her, 'Sister Smith, Paul says we must not joke.' Brother Seth was present and made the remark that, 'Mother could not live if she could not joke.' The preacher groaned and subsided. Father was different in that respect—hardly ever joked—his line of conduct was marked out by the Bible and the Methodist discipline. I remember his sitting once in the pulpit, when the preacher run his discourse into an abolition harangue. He had not proceeded far, before father took his hat and cane, saying, 'Brother Lee, you had better preach the Gospel,' and left the pulpit and church, showing his strong convictions and stronger will."

Mrs. Anna Robbins writes of her father, and her recollections of the life at Litchfield, as follows: "Father's strong characteristic was his love to God, and he came the nearest to loving his neighbor as himself, of anyone I ever knew. He was a Christian *in deed*. The fifteenth Psalm describes him. When there was so much trouble between the Methodist Church, North and South, a Wesleyan preacher had the pulpit in the Litchfield church one Sunday, and abused the old Mother Church terribly. Father stood it as long as he could, (he sat in the pulpit). At last, when there was a little lull in the fiery talk of the young preacher, Father rose up, took his hat, and turning to him, said: 'My young brother, I would advise you to preach Christ on the

Sabbath, and let politics alone,' and walked out at a pretty quick gait. Mother was present, and was in doubt whether, out of respect for her husband, she ought not to have gone out too, but she did not.

William can tell you about the quarterly meetings under the shade of butternut and willow, our house as free as the yard, and the great loaves of bread and quart of mutton, baked to help feed the hungry multitude. Father would never allow anyone to be talked about, particularly anyone that had been visiting us. When we wanted to do that, we looked out that father was not around.

I remember hearing Aunt Gird say that, there was great joy when father brought mother home. I remember her telling how the children would come over there of errands, and they would want them to stay; but they never could only sit a little while, when they would wonder if 'mother' didn't want this, or if 'mother' didn't want that. She said they seemed so glad to say, 'mother,' and put it in every opportunity. Mother always remembered many little characteristic traits of her first boys. Charles was a great favorite. He was old enough to be quite a companion. She said they had very nice apples the first fall she was at Litchfield, and one kind she was very fond of; he had a way of finding the best, and slyly slipping them in her pocket or lap, that she thought very charming.

When Albert was going to Utica, in the Postoffice, mother was giving him the usual going over that boys have to take when they leave home. When she got through, she said Albert looked up at her and said, 'Do you think I am going there to steal?' I remember mother telling about her first visit, after her marriage to father, to Grandmother Kelty at Peterboro. She said she fixed Albert and took him along—she thought he was very handsome. Grandma Kelty said the first thing, 'I know very well why you brought this one,—you thought him the handsomest, but for my part, I like the looks of Ben-

jamin quite as well.' Father was so fond of Richard that she was reminded of Jacob and Benjamin.

Thankful's visits were always looked forward to with pleasure. In letters written by her forty years ago, I find her wishing that she was at Litchfield to dress Mary's new doll, and for me to be patient and she would make my new dress for me, when she came. At Collinsville, near Turin, lived a young minister who used to call upon her. She one day made for him a pretty bouquet, and when she presented it, he said that, 'he did not love flowers.' She sent to him the original poetry, a copy of which I send to you. I have preserved it for over forty years.

Oh, say not, you love not the heavenly flowers.

In beauty upspringing,
In gracefulness clinging,
Or joyously flinging

Their breath of love o'er summer bowers.

So tenderly twining,
So radiantly shining,
Each chalice enshrining

The spirit of joy in summer hours.

Oh! say not—believe not, no usefulness glows.

In language unspoken,
In sleeping unawaken,
Or breathing no token,

Nor essence of wisdom from the heart of the rose.

There's a silence that speaketh,
A glory that breaketh,
A sleeping that waketh

In light and truth, from each petal that blows.

And each bud that unfoldeth its beautiful crest

To the breathings of heaven,
Is to man given,
Like sweet missions riven

From gardens of Eden or paradise blest.

In truthfulness bearing
Lessons unsparing,
Modestly wearing

The glorious impress of God in its breast.

The old home and surroundings seem like a pleasant dream. When we were children, our great enjoyment was when Mary Mervine, Anna Gird and her brother, Henry, came out from Utica to spend the summer vacations, at John Gird's or 'Uncle William's.' The excursions for berries, fishing and boating. We danced in John Gird's parlor, and at our house in the back room up stairs. 'Joe Bunker' played the violin for us. ['Joe' was a colored boy, picked up at Boston, by Captain Mervine, who grew up in the neighborhood, and was a great favorite with the white boys, joining in their sports, of ball-playing, running, &c.,—never forgetting his place, and conceded to be the champion jumper, and wrestler of the town.—W. H. H. S.]

Anna Gird was a great addition to our summer fun and rambles. She would weave the most beautiful stories, and one time, that we all went to the 'wind-fall' to get berries, she was romancing, as usual, and lost one of her shoes. It was never noticed, till Aunt Gird's (her grandmother's) eye fell on her—she knew nothing about it. Her stories were published in *Goodly's Lady's Book*, between thirty and forty years ago, with the nom de plume of Isabella Jocelyn. I remember 'The Great House,' and 'The Gate House.' She and Matt. were always planning together. Jimmie was a cheery boy—more interested in making rhymes than in doing his chores, and very fond of stories. Anna Gird once wrote a piece of poetry on the old home at Litchfield. I remember one verse only:

O'er the meadow brook bendeth the feathery brake,
And the dark cedars gaze on the slumbering lake,
How pleasant to stand on the soft grassy shore
And hear the cool dip of the quick dashing oar.

I have a letter from Mary Mervine, written when we were twelve years old, planning to come to Litchfield. She was expecting Matthias to go for her. Mr. Mervine's was always one of the pleasant houses. Aunt Gird and Mrs. Mervine always made us children happy. And the Commodore's high position never affected him. He thought the

farm supplies of butter and eggs from Litchfield, too nice to be taken in at the back door,—the front door was none too good for them. At the end of the front hall was another short hall; there were kept, in a cupboard, Aunt Girl's ginger-snaps. I think now how good they were. I remember the visits of John Devereaux, who used to come from Utica, for two or three days' fishing—with his team, Pat and Jonathan. We used to have a great deal of nice company. Mrs. Gerrit Smith used to come about once a year. Mrs. Cochrane—but that was before my time. Our friends were always sending us the late books, and a great many letters for those days. There were no clouds of any kind hanging over us, and we are always chanting their memories. I think we all had as pleasant a childhood as falls to the lot of children, and I often think how mother ever managed with us all as she did, and always unselfish and pleasant.

[W. H. H. recalls their mother's ready humor, and reminiscence and spicy anecdote. She had a gift for singing, reading or repeating Scotch songs, and poetry. He and his brother Richard remember well a song she often sang about the house, and Albert G. adds, 'I often sing it now:']

'O lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin, I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.
 O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 For pity's sake, this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.
Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
 O let me in this ae night, &c.
The bitter blast that round me blows
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause,
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

Her answer :—

O tell nae me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me with cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And once for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.']

No one was ever turned from father's door. I never saw mother roused but once with people who came to be entertained. One day that father had gone to Utica, a strange man drove into the yard and stopped under the butternut tree. He had an old crippled man in the wagon, and two jars in behind. Mother went out, and the man driving, told her that the old man was his father-in-law; his wife's health was poor, and they could not take care of him any longer. The old man spoke up and said "he told his son, if he would only take him to ' Brother Billy Smith's,' he knew he would take care of him; *that* was liniment in the jars, and he should have to be rubbed." By that time, the son had taken out the jars from the wagon. I shall never forget mother's look, when she ordered those jars to be put back in the wagon, and told the son he could feed his horse, and they could have dinner, then take his old father-in-law home with him. The old man said "it would not be so if ' Brother Billy' was home."

Among my earliest recollections are Uncle and Aunt Palmer, an English couple, who were, for years, our help. The story of their coming to father's was this: One day father was in Utica, and was driving over a bridge. A man was standing alone on it. Father said, " Why stand ye here all the day idle?" He answered at once, " Because no man bath hired me." He came home with father and sent for his wife, and they were always faithful and true.

Litchfield had many original people. Sallie Spencer was one of the curiosities of the place. She came periodically to do the spinning

and knitting for the family. 'Aunt Nabby Catlin' was another. She was once spending the afternoon at our house. She was expecting invalid company—some distant relation, and she said she 'always dreaded company that was kind of sick, for they was the ones that always eat her good victuals.' She drew her words out long, and it sounded very funny. There was a family—but I think no relation—by the name of Smith. 'Uncle Solomon.' They lived at Sangerfield, and the families used to exchange visits. Lucy, a maiden daughter, was very smart and funny. Mother and she were great friends. Once, when making a visit at our house, Lucy had some new gold-rimmed spectacles. Mother says: 'Lucy, you have been treating yourself to some nice glasses.' She said 'yes; that the old maids in Sangerfield had been putting their gold in their mouths, but she thought she would hang hers on her nose.' William will know if they were relatives. [They were not.—W. H. H. S.] I remember how we all enjoyed their visits. My husband thinks it strange that I can remember conversations between people, when it all happened so many years ago, but what I remember is just as plain to me as if I had heard it a week ago. 'Aunt Nabby Catlin's' face stood right before me, as I wrote about her, and I should know her, could she step in at the door. David Holmes was one of the queer folks of Litchfield. When he called on Brother Albert, and wanted to see his wife—who was handsome—he looked at Maria, and said, 'it reminded him of what he once read—that it is not so much in the beauty of the face, as the features that indicate good affections.' William will remember about old 'Daddy Hawyer.'

Albert G. remembers a kind of crank, and neighborhood oddity, gossip, and story-teller, Dewin, by name, who occasionally called at his father's. With practised freedom he would ask for cider, and when brought—as if considerate about making trouble, would say—'Never mind the gla-a-ss,' which saying was humorously repeated by his numerous entertainers.

'William' remembers 'Daddy Hawyer.' He was an educated German who had formerly been a Methodist preacher, which was first his passport to the hospitalities of his father's house, where he spent many summers. His winters were spent with relatives in the vicinity of Cherry Valley, New York. He used to come with his horse and wagon, and collected mints through the country, from which he distilled essences in a little building owned by Elder Goodier.

He also remembers Soden. Soden was a young Englishman who spent two or more years at his father's. His family, formerly wealthy, were aristocratic, and he was college-bred, with the sporting tastes, usually indulged in by young men in his position. He brought with him a case, with fine English gun, and complete outfit, with fine sportsman's clothing. He was an accomplished flute-player and fine singer. With his elegant flute, he would take a station about forty rods from the barn, and wake a clear double echo—one from the barn, and one from the hills across the lake. There seemed to have been some romantic disappointment in his life, which was the cause of his leaving home, and at the time that he came to father's, he was destitute of money, and anxious to earn a living, but said he 'didn't know what he could do,' and father asked him if he didn't think he could turn a fanning mill?

"William" also remembers the home orchard, where grew the 'Mother' apple, large, juicy fruit; the 'Orrin' apple, yellow and mealy, often cracking open; the 'Nathaniel' apple, fine winter fruit for eating or cooking; the 'Seth' apple; the 'Richard' apples, large and luscious in boyhood's days, magnified by memory,—were found in late manhood, disappointing in size and quality! Also, the 'Thief' apple, early fruit and tempting to purloiners.

"William" remembers that in those days, novelties in the line of amusements were rare, and that the "hals and lassies of the back countrie" hailed as a treat, the appearance in the neighborhood of

"Old Sickles" and his show. He made his annual circuit from Lake Erie to the Hudson, and "no man was better known and none was half so popular." Thirty years after the old showman had retired with his laurels, and a fortune, he and his show were graphically described—and as memory holds the picture:

"He was a *Low Dutchman* and hailed from the Hudson. He drove a *little* span of horses, before a *little* wagon, in which he carried a *little* show, (yclept a puppet) exhibiting that mournful little melodrama, "The Babes in the Woods," also, a mimic sea-fight between the 'Constitution' and the 'Guerriere' and a desperate encounter between hideous sea-monsters. Arrived at the country inn, the wonderful show was taken into the great ball-room, one end of which was curtained off for the stage, where the precious freight was deposited, the other was fitted up with rude seats of coarse deals for admiring spectators.

The walls were ornamented with fresh evergreens, and decorated at regular intervals with candles arranged for illumination. When the hour arrived for the performance, the jolly showman appeared at the footlights to an appreciating audience gathered from the surrounding hamlets, and announced the programme for the evening. He then sang a song and disappeared behind the screen. The curtain rose and then appeared the innocent babes, in shape and size of a child's doll, led by their cruel uncle, in size a trifle larger—walking hand in hand through a simulated wood. He desires them to remain while he goes in search of food, intending to leave them there to perish. They wander about, feeding on berries, until exhausted they lie down and die. Soon appears a robin red-breast, and with hurried flight gathers the fallen leaves and covers their little bodies. An angel then alights, casts a sorrowful look at the dead infants—extends a hand to each, flaps her wings, and soars with them above.

A new scene appears—the cruel Uncle, stung with remorse, returns and meets a tragic fate. The curtain drops, amidst the tears of children, the sighs and admiration of the elders. "Sickles" was a most comical as well as a most versatile genius. He was stage manager, actor, fiddler, singer, supernumerary, doorkeeper, &c.—he played the violin, he sang the songs, he announced the programme, explained the scenes, managed the wires, and did the ventriloquial speaking for the puppets. His family and descendants are among the most aristocratic and distinguished in the land. The Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, late Secretary of Legation to Spain, and later Member of Congress, was the 'nephew of his Uncle,' the distinguished showman."

THE FAMILY OF "SEARS"

Came originally from Dutchess County, Long Island. Its representatives were formerly found living, in New York State, at Butter-nuts, Unadilla, Sackett's Harbor, Oswego and Skaneateles.

Thankful Sears was married at South End, Dutchess Co., L. I., to William Smith, of Litchfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Dec 27, 1793. She died July 28, 1808, leaving five children. (See "William Smith.")

Anna Sears, a cousin of Thankful Sears (Smith), was born June 30, 1760. She died in 1857, aged 97 years. She married, in 1783, Isaac Crane, and lived four miles from Litchfield, N. Y. One daughter was Mrs. Plumb, who was mother of Mrs. Timothy Porter, and grand-mother of Geo. A. Porter, of Syracuse, N. Y. One son, Hunter Crane, lived many years at Sackett's Harbor, and Oswego, N. Y. A brother of Isaac Crane, Joseph Crane, married Mary Smith, who was daughter of Richard Smith, and sister of William Smith. (See "Mary Smith.")

One sister of Anna Sears (Crane) married ——— Jewett, of Skaneateles, N. Y., and was the mother of Freeborn Jewett, and grand-mother of William Jewett, of that village.



THE FAMILY OF "ROCKWELL."

Joshua Rockwell was one of four brothers. The other three were Edward, Zebulon and Nodiah. Edward's son, Samuel Rockwell, resides in New York city.

Joshua Rockwell and Rhoda Doud were married at Middletown, Conn.

Their children were:

1. Joshua, located in Illinois.
2. Hannah, married Asahel Higby and lived at New Hartford, N. Y.
3. Caleb, resides in Ohio.

4. Rhoda, was united in marriage Oct. 28, 1809, with William Smith, of Litchfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y. She died May 25, 1822.

(See "William Smith.")

5. Phebe, unmarried, lived at Turin, Lewis Co., N. Y., and at Auburn, N. Y. She died at Turin, April 2, 1862. Upon the death of her sister, Rhoda Smith, at Litchfield, she adopted Thankful, the only daughter of six children left motherless. Her will bore testimony to her affection for the child of her adoption, Mrs. Thankful S. Russell.

WILL.

AUBURN, August 17, 1855.

I, Phebe Rockwell, of the town of Auburn, county of Cayuga, and State of New York, do give and bequeathe to my brother, Jabez Rockwell, my share of the house in West Turin in which he now resides, together with the individual half of two acres of land on which the house stands, and to my niece, Thankful S. Russell, I give and bequeathe, one-half of the remainder of my property; the other half to be equally divided between my brother Jabez Rockwell's four children, namely: Abigail Rockwell, Mary F. Rockwell, M. Therese Rockwell, and Egbert C. Rockwell.

And I appoint my brother, Jabez Rockwell, and R. F. Russell my executors.

PHEBE ROCKWELL, [L.S.]

R. F. RUSSELL, Auburn, N. Y., {
JAMES FOLGER, Auburn, N. Y., { Subscribing Witnesses.

6. Sarah, lived at Turin.

7. Enoch, lived at Turin.

8. Elijah, {
9. Elisha, { Twins—lived in Ohio. Deceased.

10. Jabez, died May, 1876, at his home at Turin. He was one of the pioneer settlers of Lewis Co., N. Y.

11. Cornelia, deceased.

12. Richard, deceased.

13. Seth, drowned at the age of three years.

14. {
15. { Twins—died in infancy.

The descendants of Joshua Rockwell became widely scattered. Several of them remained in Lewis Co., N. Y., others were living in Pennsylvania; at Ashtabula, Ohio; in or near northwestern Kentucky, and in Michigan.

THE FAMILY OF "KELTY."

John Kelty and Margaret Connor were married in New Jersey, where three of their eight children were born. The other five were born at Morrisania, N. Y.

1. Samuel—died aged one year.

2. Jane, married David Gray. Lived at Deerfield, Oneida Co., N. Y. Twelve children—ten daughters, two sons. Died Feb. 1861.

3. Bryan Connor, lived near Albany, N. Y.

4. Owen, lived at Peterboro. Nine children. Gibbon and John, of New York city, were his sons.

5. Elizabeth Hubbard, "Aunt Betsey." Was born Jan. 20, 1791. Lived at Peterboro since April, 1811. Died Feb. 11, 1880.

6. Catharine Gibson. Was born at Morrisania, N. Y., May 16, 1793. United in marriage to William Smith, of Litchfield, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1824. Died June 10, 1858, at Bedford, Ohio. Left four children. (See "William Smith.")

7. John. Lived mostly at the South—was in the Florida war, and little ever after heard of him. He was a good writer.

8. Margaret Graham. Married Matthias McChesney, April 13, 1825. Jno. McChesney was her son. She died in New York city.

Matthias M. Smith writes of the visits he made when a boy, to grandfather and grandmother Kelty, at Peterboro, and after their deaths, to Aunt Betsey. "My grandfather left his native city, Cork, Ireland, and came to this country at seventeen years of age; he enlisted and served five years in the War of the Revolution. I have heard my mother say that he was a good soldier, and being trusty, saved his life on two occasions, by his being sent with despatches, and the men who took his place were killed—one on picket duty, and the other in a block-house. Grandfather was reserved and shy in manner, but very

full of quaint humor and kindness. Grandmother was Margaret Connor, daughter of Bryan and Jane Connor, of New Jersey. She was full of energy and spirit, but kind-hearted withal. I remember a story of her rescuing a wife from the abuse of her husband, and obliging him to flee to the loft."

OBITUARY.

John Kelty died at Peterboro, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1833, in the 83d year of his age. He was born at Cork, Ireland. At the age of seventeen he emigrated to this country, and for five years was a soldier of the Revolution. He wintered with the army at Valley Forge, and experienced terrible suffering. He was distinguished for his faith in God, and such of his acquaintances as appreciate the Christian religion will not soon forget the lovely exhibition of its power in the life of this good old man. The end of the upright is peace, and such was the end of our much loved friend, John Kelty.

GERRIT SMITH.

Mrs. Robbins writes about her grandfather, John Kelty, as follows:—"He must have been a man of some strength of character. I remember my mother telling that, when he was first married, he was rather inclined to be wild, and was sometimes tempted to indulge to excess in the social glass. It was a great grief to grandmother, and her family, who were all strict Presbyterians. After grandfather was converted, he placed a bottle of spirits on a shelf in their bed-room, and called grandmother, and on his knees promised before God and her, to never touch it again, and he never did. He would never take communion wine; but after partaking of the bread, would walk out of church. Grandfather was Superintendent of quarries owned by Gouverneur Morris, at High Bridge, near New York city. He was a fine stone-cutter. He married grandmother in New Jersey. She was not an ordinary woman. Gerrit Smith used to call her the 'old princess.' My mother said that, in old times Ireland was divided into petty kingdoms, and their rulers were called kings. Grandmother's ancestors were rulers of the kingdom of Connaught, and grandmother always claimed to be of royal blood. Probably the kingdom of Connaught was about as important as that over which the father of

the "Princess of Thule" reigned. Mother and Aunt Betty used to tell many stories of her, but I do not remember them well enough to repeat them. She had remarkable power to see into people and their motives. She was experienced in sickness and was often called upon in the neighborhood."

OBITUARY.

Died at the residence of her son-in law, David Gray, near Utica, June 5, 1838, Margaret Kelty, aged 75 years. Mrs. Kelty was emphatically a Christian. The faith that adorned the life of her departed husband was her faith. That she connected with it works of charity and self-denial will long be remembered by the many to whose necessities in sickness and poverty, she so fully ministered. The relatives of Mrs. K. are not the only ones in sorrow by her death. The inhabitants of Peterboro, where she spent much of her life, all regard her with filial affection, and feel that they are bereaved of a mother.

GERRIT SMITH.

Mrs. Robbins' reminiscences continue as follows: "When the family lived at High Bridge, the residences were mostly those of the aristocracy of New York city. There was also a young ladies' school, where the children of wealthy parents were sent. Of grandfather's family the girls were interesting and smart, I should think, by the attention they received. The principal of the school, Mrs. Lockwood, made the acquaintance of mother and Aunt Betty, and becoming much interested in Aunt Betty, grandfather sent her to the school. Then Mrs Lockwood told grandmother that if she would let my mother attend, she might come without expense to grandfather. They were the only children in the school that had not wealthy parents. The carriages would roll up for the dainty children, and they would trudge off on foot. It was here that Aunt Betty formed the friendship of Mary Kemble. Her mother was a French lady, and her father an American gentleman. She was an only child, and finally leaving school, a governess was employed to teach her at home. She was so fond of Aunt Betty that they invited her to their home, and in close companionship the girls studied together. It

was there Aunt Betty made the silk quilt, that is in my possession. Another sister, Aunt Jane (Gray), was engaged when young, to John Schultze, a nephew of Commodore Morris. He went to sea as clerk for his uncle. One day, he said to his uncle that he wanted to make his will—that he had a feeling that he should not live long. He left everything to Aunt Jane. Just at evening he was passing a gun that the gunner was loading—it went off and killed him.”

In 1872, a visitor to Peterboro writes of “Aunt Betsey” and her home as follows:—“Near the hotel building are two snug little cottages, standing side by side, each with its garden. In one of them, lives a sunny-faced woman, though silver-haired, wrinkled and aged—‘Aunt Betsey,’ she is lovingly called. Although 81 years of age, her faculties are in a good state of preservation, and she relieves the philanthropist—Gerrit Smith—of that portion of a large correspondence which comes under the head of ‘begging letters.’ She also cares for Mr. Smith’s *pensionnaire* roll in that neighborhood.”

The ordinary channels of useful industry, “Aunt Betsey” could never pursue,—having one withered hand. The confidential duties entrusted to her, by Mr. and Mrs. Smith, required intelligent and judicious performance, for which a sympathetic heart, and ripe judgment abundantly qualified her.

She was an eye-witness of many interesting incidents connected with the early days of the anti-slavery agitation, in which Gerrit Smith became so prominent, and was known far and near, as its most enthusiastic apostle. October 21, 1835, Mr. Smith became fully identified with the cause of the abolition of slavery. At a meeting held by its partisans at Utica, which ended in a mob, Mr. Smith *adjourned* the meeting to Peterboro, “where they could have fair play.” “Aunt Betsey,” not less graphically than Mr. Frothingham, in the life of Mr. Smith, described the home-coming of Mr. and Mrs. Smith in the rain, at ten o’clock at night, and the hurried preparations for, and the arrival of “delegates” from Utica. Mr. Frothingham writes as follows:—“At about ten o’clock at night the peaceful household were roused, and were set to making active preparations for the entertainment of an indefinite number of guests. The night was spent in mixing bread, grinding coffee, paring apples, baking rolls, and providing other necessities of hospitality. At about three A. M. Mr. Smith appeared in the kitchen with pen, ink and paper, asked for a stand, an extra candle, and poured his hot soul into the resolutions to be presented, and the speech that was to support them. In the morning the guests straggled in. About thirty arrived in time for breakfast. They were in a sorry plight from the mud and rain, the hard journey, and the persecutions of the enemy, who pursued them as far as they could. The younger men turned the matter into sport, but the elders found the experience a hard one. The day was

beautiful ; the convention was well attended by three or four hundred delegates; Gerrit Smith entertained seventy at dinner, a hundred or more at tea, and with the help of sofas, lounges, and softened boards gave rest at night to some forty tired bodies." "Aunt Betsey" in addition, described the arousing of the butcher, the heating of the brick ovens, &c.

"Christmas day, 1874, was spent by Gerrit Smith at his nephew's in New York city, with cheerful sociability. Before retiring Mr. Smith dictated four letters—the first was to "Aunt Betty," charging her not to neglect his poor in the village, to see that the children of the orphan asylum had their holiday supplies, and that papers were sent to the free reading-room, which he maintained. The next morning, while dressing, he was prostrated, and lived but fifty-three hours." Mr. Frothingham writes of the funeral at the Peterboro home. "Old 'Aunt Betsey' the early protegee, the confidential inmate and trusted friend, now past eighty, stood, in complacent sorrow by the coffin, her sense of bereavement being chastened by the universal respect manifested by all classes."

The widow of the late Hon. Gerrit Smith, Mrs. Ann Carroll Smith, died at Peterboro, N. Y., March 9, 1875. The daily papers of the time related interesting incidents of Mrs. Smith's life, death and funeral. It was mentioned that, at the funeral, "Remarks were made by Miss E. H. Kelty, better known in Peterboro as 'Aunt Betsey,' a venerable and dignified lady of eighty-four years, who has been a large part of her life a member of Mr. Smith's family circle, as well as an intimate and trusted friend, and the almoner in part, in later years, of their bounty among the poor of the village. Miss Kelty spoke in a quiet and subdued tone of voice, but the silence of the large audience enabled her to be distinctly heard by at least a large share of the people. She spoke in feeling and affecting terms of the beautiful and loving nature of the deceased, her universal kindness and benevolence, her serene faith in God, under whatever trials and amidst the greatest bodily anguish, and exhorted all present to live the life of the righteous, that they might die their death. She alluded to a remark made by Gerrit Smith on reading the account of the funeral of Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse, that had Mr. May been consulted in regard to the exercises, he would have wished that along with the voices of men, a woman's voice might also be heard, and said that had circumstances favored she would have been glad to have said a few words at Mr. Smith's funeral, and was glad to speak at that of Mrs. Smith. The remarks of 'Aunt Betsey' were beautifully appropriate, couched in well chosen words, and were greatly appreciated by the audience as well as the many relatives present."

"Aunt Betsey" died Feb. 11, 1880, aged 89 years, 21 days. At her funeral were gathered her neighbors, and the descendants of Gerrit Smith living at Peterboro; and from New York city, her nephews,

Gibbon and John Kelty : from Deerfield, N. Y., David Gray and family, and from Syracuse, W. H. H. Smith.

She was a gifted epistolary writer, and her letters have a family reputation for graphic accounts of passing events. She not unfrequently expressed her thoughts in unpretentious verse, and Sept. 23d, 1866, she wrote the following verses to commemorate a wedding anniversary, occurring during a visit made by her to friends residing at Syracuse :

“AUNT BETSEY” TO WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

Sweet smiling sun, we're glad to greet you,
Since darksome days, we're fain to meet you.
You are glistening on the dripping boughs,
Sweet messenger of light and love.

But what to me has been the storm,
With loving hearts so kind and warm,
The days have passed, and evenings too,
In sweet converse, with friends so true.

They tell me twenty years have past,
Since they, in holy wedlock clasp'd,
Have kept their journey hand in hand,
With faces toward ' The better land.'

Their *lives* seem bless'd with common sense,
Reason and virtue without pretense—
Of *life*, still may they make the most,
And of days and hours let none be lost.

And sweetly when life's scenes are o'er,
And they shall stand upon the *Shore*,
Glorious and blessed, may it be
In hope, of immortality.

MARY SMITH.

Mary, youngest child of Richard and Mary Brush Smith, died at Utica, New York, in the year 1864, aged 92 years.

Her grandchildren, and the children of her brother William, speak of "Aunt Girl" as a very remarkable woman—possessing a strong mind, and wonderful memory for events, and political changes, during a life embracing many eventful years in the history of our country. Mrs. Anna Robbins writes of her as follows:—"Aunt Girl," (the name by which she was known after her second marriage,) always took and *read* the *New York Spectator*. An old lady who knew her well, speaks of her as a wonderful—a *model* woman—of her intellect, and of her unflinching cheerfulness under all circumstances."

She married, first, Joseph Crane, of New York city, who, going to sea, was never heard from. Of her two children, her son Joseph was lost at sea, or on the Mississippi river. Her daughter, Amanda M., married Lt. William Mervine, of the U. S. Navy.

AMANDA MARIA CRANE.

Granddaughter of Richard and Mary Brush Smith, and daughter of Mary Smith and Joseph Crane, was married in 1815, when seventeen years of age, to Lt. William Mervine, U. S. Navy. She died May, 1874, at Canandaigua, N. Y., aged 76 years.

Lt. Mervine's family were Philadelphians. He had two sisters and four brothers. A widowed sister, Mrs. Hunter, is living in that city, with her daughter, Mrs. Green. The records of the Mervine family are in possession of a Philadelphia branch.

OBITUARY.

"Rear Admiral Mervine, U. S. N., was born near Philadelphia, March 14, 1791. He died Sept. 15, 1868. He entered the navy in January, 1809, and had been in the service nearly sixty years, twenty-five years at sea and four years on shore on other duty, and twenty-eight years unemployed. He was on duty on board the sloop-of-war John Adams when the war of 1812

broke out, and, with other young officers, volunteered to join in the hostilities on Lake Erie. In an engagement with the British at Black Rock, on the Niagara river, he was severely wounded by a musket ball in the side. (See Cooper's *Naval History*, pages 338-341.) Before the close of the war he was stationed at Sackett's Harbor. Mr. Mervine was married to Miss Amanda M. Crane, of New York, in 1815, who survives him. From this period until the nullification troubles in 1832 he made cruises in the Mediterranean sea and off the coast of South America in the Atlantic, and also one cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, after pirates. He went out as Lieutenant in the guard-ship sloop-of-war Cyane with the first colony sent out to Liberia. Here he suffered a severe attack of yellow fever.

In 1832 he took his first command and went to Charleston Harbor to look after the secessionists and nullifiers, in the schooner Experiment. During the Mexican difficulties, before the war, he took the responsibility of capturing a Mexican brig, which had two American vessels under her guns. This was an act of war, in which he was sustained by General Jackson. He afterwards made several cruises, and in 1845 or 1846, went out in the sloop-of-war Cyane with sealed orders to Commodore Sloat, commanding the Pacific squadron. His orders proved to be very stringent, to attack and take possession of California in case any hostilities were committed. After the first overt act on the part of the Southern Californians, a council of war was held and Captain Mervine was ordered to attack the fort, which he did, and took it, planting the first American flag, in that now State of California, at Monterey. When Commodore Stockton relieved Commodore Sloat, Capt. Mervine took command of the frigate (74) Savannah, remaining in charge of it till the fall of 1847. In 1849 or 1850 he was offered the command of the navy yard at Mare Island, San Francisco, but preferring sea service he was soon ordered to the command of the Mediterranean Squadron, with the steam-frigate Powhattan as his flag-ship, which, however, he did not reach, being recalled to some urgent duty on our own coast.

In 1854 he was ordered to fit out the frigate Independence (40) and proceed to the Pacific and take command as flag-officer of that squadron. He sailed in the fall of that year from New York and cruised there three years. In 1861, at the outbreak of the rebellion, he was ordered to take command of the Gulf Blockading Squadron, and sailed from Boston in the Mississippi (steamer) in June. He planned the attack which was so heroically carried out by Lieut Russell (See *Harpers' Magazine*, Nov., '66, pp. 705, 706.) He was recalled in the fall of the same year. He was a brave officer, with an untarnished record—a man of spotless integrity. Admiral Mervine was a gentleman of the old school, of a high sense of honor, punctual and exact in the discharge of all his duties. He was in his 78th year at the time of his death and departs in a good old age, having faithfully served his generation and taken a most active part in the most stirring events of the last fifty years. His name and services will be ever remembered."—*Utica paper*.

The children of William and Amanda M. Mervine are:—

1. William C., married first, Martha Sawyer.
2. Charles Hunter, married Helen McDonald, of Illinois, September, 1851. One daughter, living at East Saginaw, Mich.
3. Emily M., married Leander M. Drury, Jan 29, 1848.
4. Henry Gird, married Eliza Fairman, Dec. 2, 1850.

Their children are:—

Emily Drury, born Oct. 8, 1851, at Medina, N. Y. Died at Kane, Ill., March 1, 1854.

Alice, born Dec. 14, 1853, at Kane, Ill.

William, born Dec. 31, 1855, at Medina.

Mary Amanda, born Jan. 15, 1858, at Medina. Died April 22, 1861, at Medina.

Richard Fairman, born Jan. 24, 1859, at Medina.

Henry G. Mervine enlisted as a private in the 17th N. Y. Independent Battery, L. A., August 18, 1862, and served till the close of the war. The Battery was attached to the 18th, subsequently consolidated with the 24th corps, Army of the James.

We are permitted to make use of the letter following:

MENTOR, Ohio, December 28, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 21st inst. came duly to hand and was read with pleasure. I have a very vivid recollection of you as the teacher in the district school at Orange, about 40 years ago.

You brought into that pioneer settlement more of the ideas and manners of metropolitan life than any of your predecessors had done, and made a lasting impression upon the young people of that community.

Accept my thanks for your congratulations and for the very pleasant memories which your letter awakens. I hope sometime to have the pleasure of seeing you.

Very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

HENRY G. MERVINE, Syracuse, N. Y.

Eliza Fairman, wife of Henry G. Mervine, was born Dec. 11, 1825, at Otsego, N. Y. She belongs to the "Morse" family, and the "Memorial of the Morses" contains a history of seven persons of the name

who settled in America in the 17th century, with a catalogue of 10,000 names of their descendants. Prof. Samuel Finley Morse, born 1791, inventor of the magnetic telegraph, belongs to this family.

5. Mary A., youngest daughter of Capt. Wm. Mervine and Amanda M. Mervine, married in 1856, — Sturgis, of Buffalo, N. Y. She died March, 1859. Left two sons. Mr. Sturgis belonged to a worthy family living at Mansfield, Ohio.

6. Cassarinus B., unmarried. Died at City Point Hospital, August 17, 1864.

A correspondent of the *New York Herald*, with the 5th corps, pays the following tribute to the memory of the late Capt. Cassarinus B. Mervine. "The painful intelligence reached us to-day of the death at City Point Hospital of Captain Mervine, late Assistant Adjutant General, First Division. He had been sick several days, but until a few hours before his death his symptoms were in no way alarming. A more widely known, popular and efficient officer was not in the corps than Capt. Mervine. He came out as Adjutant of the Fourteenth New York Volunteers, and took active and gallant part in nearly all the battles fought by the Army of the Potomac. He has filled the position of Assistant Adjutant General of the First division for nearly two years. A young man, not yet thirty, tried and capable, a brilliant future lay before him had he lived. He was the son of Commodore Mervine."

A private letter written to Dr. Fowler, of Utica, says:—

"NEAR PETERSBURG, August 19, 1864.

"Tell the family that no one could be more regretted here than Mervine is. His record during the war is one that any may envy, and in his official capacity as well as socially, he had made warm friends throughout the division. Every officer who was thrown in contact with him, and that comprises the majority in the command, regarded him with the kindest feelings. He was always pleasant and accommodating to every one, and very few are the men in his position of whom that can be said."

MRS. MARY SMITH GIRD.

Mrs. Mary Smith Crame married, second, Mr. Gird, of New York city, who died there, leaving his widow with four children bearing his name, Henry, Richard, John and Mary. She subsequently removed with her six children, to her father's, and spent many years at Litchfield, N. Y.

Mr. Gird was a printer, and afterwards edited the first newspaper in Alexandria and Washington, D. C. It is related of him, that he once returned, from his home across the river, to make correction of a single word in an article written by himself. Their children were:

1. Henry, graduated from, and was afterwards Professor at West Point, and married a Miss Kingsly of that place. He afterwards removed to Louisiana, and was for some years president of a college in that State. Removing to Illinois, he died upon his farm there. His children were, *Anna*, born at Utica, married October, 1849, George Walker, of that city, and has since resided there. Five children. *Eliza*, married Frank Harris—living at Canandaigua, N. Y. Four sons and three daughters.

2. Richard, master of a merchant vessel. Unmarried. Died at his brother Henry's, in Illinois.

3. John, married Laura King, and is still living at his old home, at Litchfield. Farmer. His children, Henry, John, Richard, Mary and Ellen, live in California. Mary married; Ellen did not. He has lost children. His wife died many years ago.

4. Mary, the youngest daughter, married Catharinus P. Buckingham; a graduate of West Point, he received a Lieutenant's commission in the U. S. Army. He was from a worthy family residing at Zanesville, Ohio. He removed to Mt. Vernon, Ohio; resigned his position in the army; his wife died after three or four years, leaving

two daughters, Mary and Eunice. Mary married Mr. Fenner, a New York merchant. Eunice married, and died in Florida.

August, 1884, Mr. Charles H. Mervine writes as follows:—"I can say but little of the Cranes and Girds. The heads of those families were men of prominence and usefulness."

The near ancestors of the family of Gird, came to this country with good store of property, and a large family of children, and settled in Virginia, near Alexandria. Three unmarried daughters, Eliza, Emily and Maria, lived many years in New York city, and died there.



THE FAMILY OF "CRANE."

1st Generation. John Crane, emigrated to this country from England, on account of political disturbances in the reign of Charles II.

2nd Generation. Jonathan Crane.

3rd Generation. Joseph, born 1694, married Mary Conch, daughter of one of the earliest Governors of Connecticut. Seven children.

4th Generation. Joseph, Jr., born 1722, married Esther Belden. Thirteen children.

5th Generation. Joseph, married Mary Smith. (See "Mary Smith.") Isaac, married Anna Sears. Eight children. (See "Family of Sears.")

6th Generation. Sarah, daughter of Isaac, married Wm. Plumb, Hunter, son of Isaac, married Maria McMullen. Henry, son of Isaac, lived at Crane's Corners, Litchfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., married Amarilla Moses, Jan. 15, 1808.

7th Generation. Nine children of Henry and Amarilla Moses Crane.

Acknowledgements are due to Mr. Charles Arden Crane (7th generation) for the above data relating to the family. See "Genealogy of the Family of Crane," soon to be published.



“Go, little booke, God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part or all.”

—*Chaucer.*



